Saturday Review

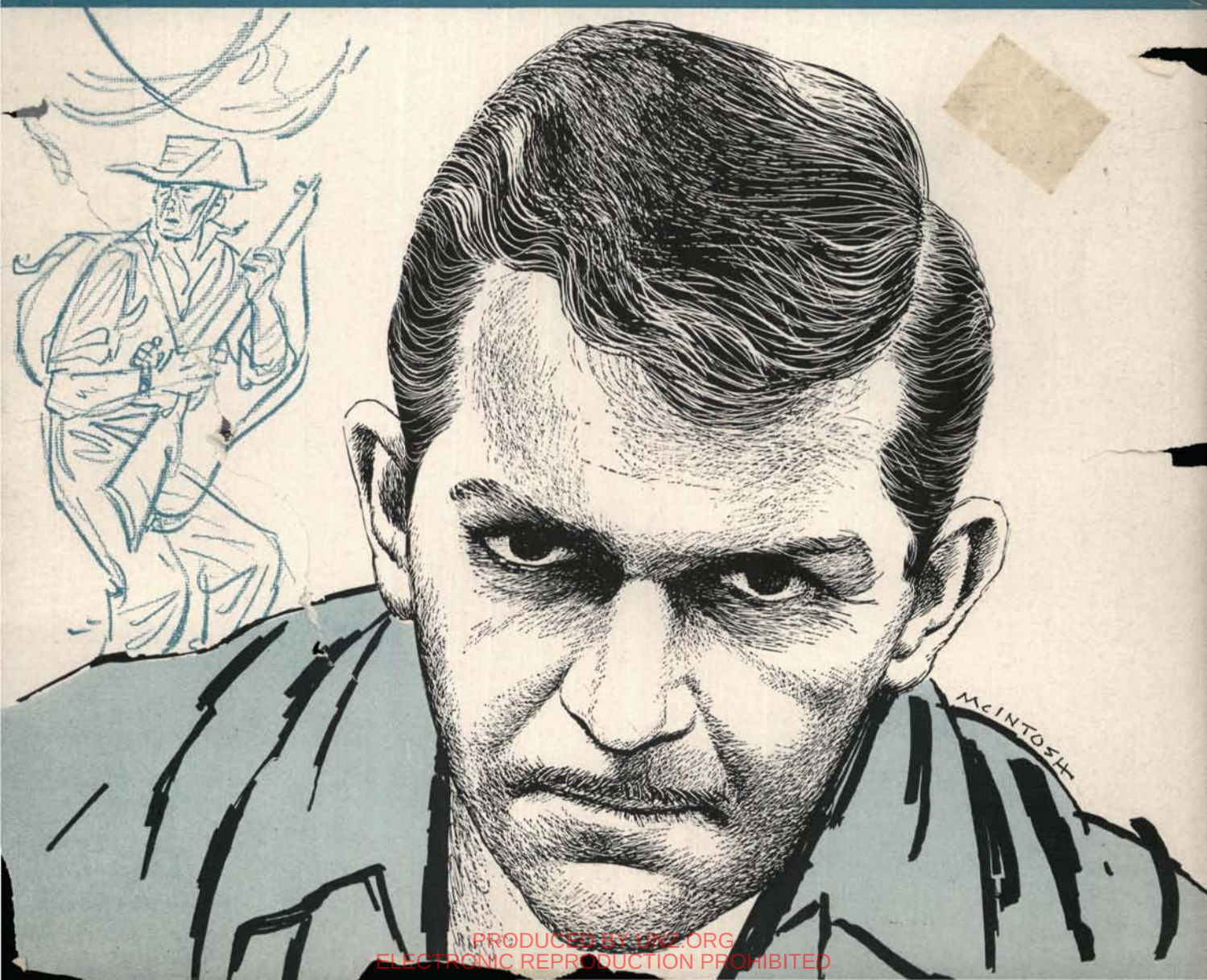
MARCH 23, 1957 / 20¢

PSYCHOANALYSIS: DOGMA OR DISCIPLINE?

By J. A. Gengerelli

WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? . . . SR's *Reference Book Survey*

Tom T. Chamales, author of "Never So Few."



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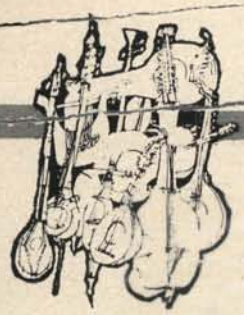

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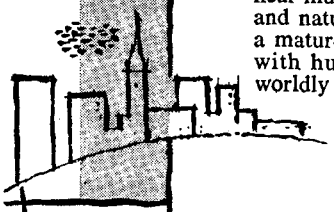

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In a day when picture windows cut into exterior walls, when the interior walls seem to have vanished from new houses, and when many live in small apartments, this problem has become increasingly acute.

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Costing only one dollar, "Books In Your Home" is an invaluable reference work for everyone who lives with books.

And may I suggest that, before you start carrying out some of its suggestions, you first weed out from your library those books you no longer plan to reread, making additional room for some of the many fine new books coming this year or for those older books you haven't yet got around to buying or reading.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Books In Your Home" ($1.00) may be obtained from your own bookseller, through any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, or directly from The New York *Times*, 229 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y. This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., publishers of many basic home reference books, including "The Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionaries" and "Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette."

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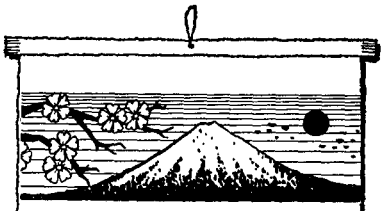

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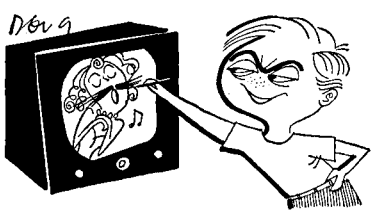
TRADE Winds

ABEL GREEN, knowing editor of the invaluable theatrical weekly, *Variety,* keeps a small pad and pencil stashed away in his pocket at all times. This enables him to jot down the highlights of a luncheon conversation without a vis-a-vis being aware that his random observations are being recorded for posterity. The only catch in this system is that the pad sometimes shifts in Abel's pocket, making his furtive notes illegible when he gets back to the office. Furthermore, the fact that while playing Boswell, Abel also is (1) straightening his inevitable bow tie, (2) returning greetings of a score of hopeful thespians pitching for a plug in *Variety,* and (3) listening to Jackie Gleason and Toots Shor trade insults at the next table, sometimes frustrates the Dr. Johnson of the moment and makes him forget precisely what he was talking about in the first place.

There was the luncheon, for instance, in which I was discussing the home life of the Cerf family. My wife, my two boys, and myself, I reported, had been watching a ninety-minute TV spectacular in color. Obviously it



ad cost over a half a million, and had enlisted the services of four of the biggest stars in show business. Yet in the middle of it my ten-year-old Jonathan had decided to walk out, his exit line being a scornful "How corny can you get?"

"Can't you envisage the future trouble this sort of thing spells for the entertainment industry?" I asked. "Kids of today are exposed to so much top-flight talent and so many super-duper productions that they're jaded by eight and cruelly critical before they can even spell out it 'stinks' on a rating card. How on earth will anybody be able to amuse them when they've grown up? I actually feel sorry for the blasé little monsters."

"By any chance," inquired Abel suspiciously, " is this leading to a run-through of some Cerfian reminiscences designed for the Anniversary Issue of *Variety*?"

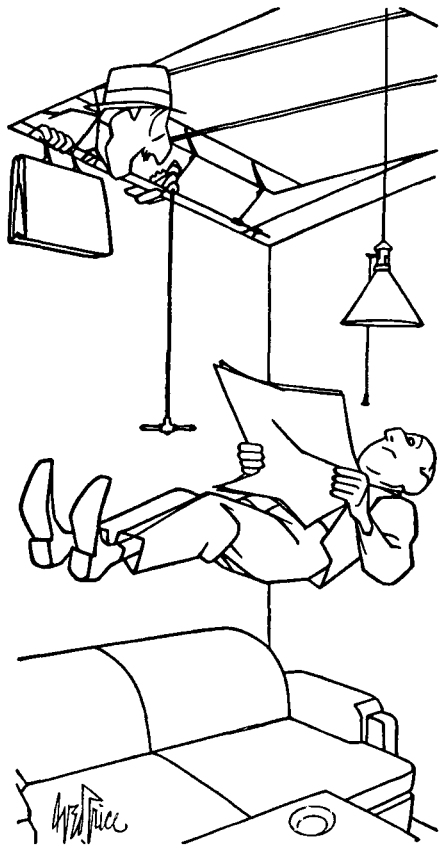
"Nonsense," I protested. "I have the typewritten piece with me by sheerest coincidence." It went approximately like this.

I REMEMBER the thrills kids of my generation were afforded by their first exposure to the glamorous world of the theatre. We hadn't been surfeited with round-the-clock entertainment on TV and radio. We looked forward then to a Saturday matinee at the neighborhood vaudeville house—or an hour of one-reel atrocities at the nickelodeon—with mounting excitement, and never were let down once. That moment after the house lights dimmed and before the curtain rose provided a thrill the sophisticated brat of 1957 will never experience!

My own introduction to the theatre came via the Alhambra, on Seventh Avenue, in the Harlem district of Manhattan, along about 1909. For a quarter you could get a seat in the balcony, and since one of our coterie always was near the head of the line when the new week's ducats went on sale, we generally had seats somewhere in the first four rows, dead center. Simonet's caramel emporium next door provided the confectionery, and we were riveted in our places in ample time for the very first note of the overture (cannily billed by the management as one of the "ten all-star attractions" in the line-up).

In those days we depended on outdoor billboards to provide the details of the coming week's program. They always were printed in red and green on a white background. The big star act, of course, was billed at the top—Vesta Victoria, Eva Tanguay, Bayes and Norworth, or Eddie Leonard, for example. The runner-up attraction (usually a miniature musical like Jesse Lasky's "Redheads" or a thriller-diller like "Circumstantial Evidence") was accorded slightly less space at the bottom of the poster. Once that spot was occupied by an act called "A Night in an English Music Hall," featuring a drunk called Charlie Chaplin. The name meant nothing to us at the time.

The "sleepers" on the bill—acts that were on the way to the top but were not deemed quite ready for headline treatment—shared the two spots in the center on the line-up. We critics aged ten to twelve had a pretty shrewd notion of the ones that would make the grade: the Six Brown Brothers; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry in "The Rube"; Herb Williams in "Spotlight"; quartettes modelled along the lines of our all-time favorite, the Avon



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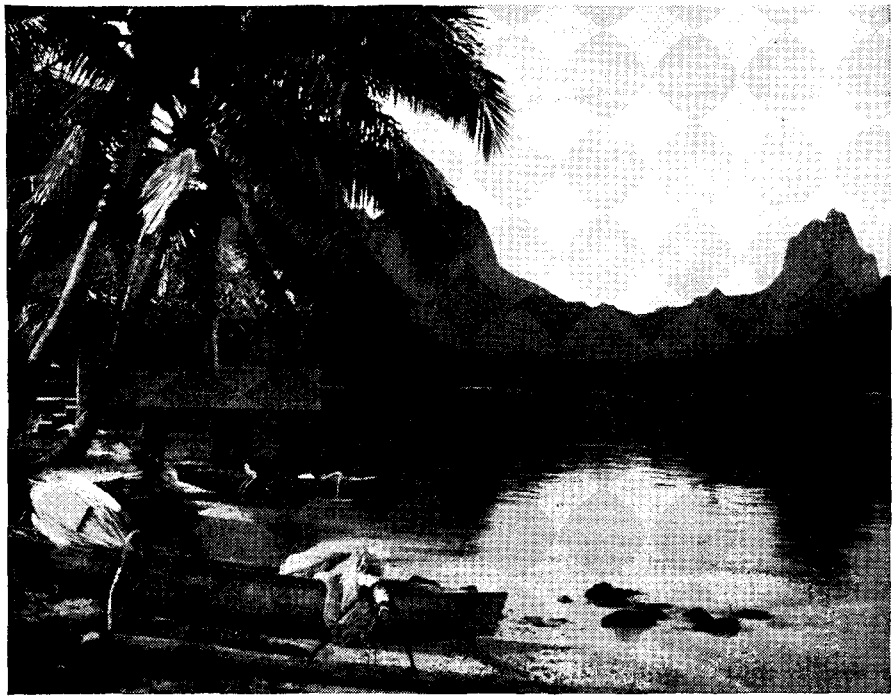

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Comedy Four; a couple of promising comics named Ben Bernie and Phil Baker. I also remember rolling in the aisles at the sallies of Hoey and Lee, and Moran and Mack, not to mention two fast-talking monologists named Julius Tannen and Walter Kelly. Years later, I'm told, this Kelly was showing anybody he could buttonhole pictures of his little niece, Grace, declaring that one day she would be a positive queen. This was one actor's exuberant boast that in due course came true!

There was an elaborate prestidigitating act I remember as much for the name as for the tricks: Long Tack Sam and Company. A similar turn was the Great Keller—who lifted a reclining girl from a couch by a wave of his wand, and then passed hoops about her to prove she was suspended by no wire. I still wonder how the hell he did it!

Many vaudeville houses had all the acts on the bill listed at both sides of the stage, with the number coming up indicated by electric lights. That's the way it was at the 116th Street Theatre and the spanking new Regent, with continuous entertainment, punctuated by one-reel movies that chased out most of the audience but ourselves. At the ritzy Alhambra, however, the acts were indicated by numbers, and you had to consult your program to make the necessary identification. This was a good way, too, to make you notice the ads inserted in the program by local merchants like L. M. Blumstein, J. R. Senior, H. C. F. Koch, and Weisberger's supermeat market. (The first book department I ever patronized was at Koch's. New novels sold then for $1.08, popular juveniles of the day—Alger, Henty, "The Rover Boys"—for 19 cents.)

WEISBERGER'S was directly across 125th Street from Hurtig and Seamon's burlesque house, whose lobby displays

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 717

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 717 will be found in the next issue.

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NTBAZLPC EP OGWGCO LE.

QPMOHALET

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 716

If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in frankness.
—ALEXANDER SMITH.

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taught us a lot more about female anatomy than we learned at P.S. 10. Halfway between the burlesque emporium and the Alhambra stood the old Harlem Opera House, and that's where the kids of my generation first saw Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead," and stock company versions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Then there was the West End Theatre, where Broadway hits tarried briefly ere taking to the road. I particularly remember seeing there Dustin and William Farnum in "Cameo Kirby," Douglas Fairbanks in "The Cub," and Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee." Some miles away was the Star Theatre on Lexington Avenue where we risked parental wrath to see such ten-twenty-thirty stuff as "Engine 999" and "Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl."

IF YOU'RE OLD enough yourself to identify the wondrous performers and plays referred to above, I particularly urge you not to miss Fred Allen's best-selling "Much Ado About Me." Equally flavorsome and nostalgic, and with scores of photographs to provide icing for the cake, are Marjorie Farnsworth's "The Ziegfeld Follies" (Ah, that Marilyn Miller! Ooh, those Ben Ali Haggin tableaux!) and Bernie Sobel's "A Pictorial History of Burlesque" (which will bring out the gypsy in you). Flipping these pages, you'll discover with a start that you remember the details of shows you saw thirty years ago more clearly than a costly TV "musical comedy" you yawned through night before last.

THE TELEVISION SET, as a matter of fact, is turned on in our house as I write this piece. A famous orchestra is playing a symphony. But in my ears the music is inextricably mixed with the familiar strains of the "Poet and Peasant Overture," tootled one Monday afternoon in 1911, at the Colonial Theatre on Broadway, by Jules Lensburg and his "world famous philharmonists." —BENNETT CERF.

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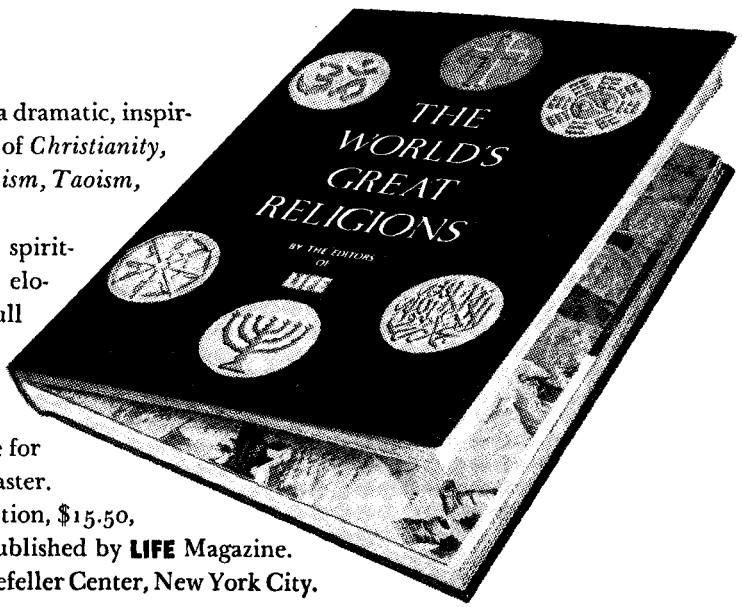

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 23, 1957

THE LIMITATIONS OF PSYCHOANALYSIS—2.

DOGMA OR DISCIPLINE?

Last week Dr. Erich Fromm, the well-known psychoanalyst and author, discussed the factors which contribute to a healthy relationship between analyst and patient. This week Dr. J. A. Gengerelli, professor of psychology at the University of California, takes a hard look at the basic theory of psychoanalysis, its scientific credibility, and the widespread quackery to which its fads and abuses can give rise.

By J. A. GENGERELLI

WHEN I was an undergraduate there was current a malicious quip to the effect that psychiatry was a science based on but a single known fact: namely, that syphilis is responsible for general paralysis. I felt that this was a vicious canard, but as the years went by and my knowledge increased the point of the jibe became clearer to me. It is maddening to contemplate that any phenomenon as awesome, dramatic, and overwhelming as, say, schizophrenia should be, after so much scientific effort and medical experience, so little understood. This holds for all the psychoses. In the last thirty years certain therapeutic techniques have come into being which are shown to be helpful under limited conditions, but at best these are rule-of-thumb procedures. If the patient improves, this is as mysterious as a lack of improvement.

Forty years ago the average psychiatrist was the superintendent of an institution for the insane, or a member of the staff in such an institution. He was a man who, on the whole, modestly and silently tried to penetrate the awful mystery of insanity, and created very little stir in the world. Our Man-on-the-Street had heard very little about psychiatrists and even less about psychiatry. Then psychoanalysis took over the spotlight in this country. Today any hillbilly knows that a psychoanalyst is a kind of doctor who has you lie on a couch while he probes your mind.

Psychoanalysis is the overwhelming influence in psychiatry, since a very large minority, if not a small majority, of all psychiatrists practising at present are, in varying degrees, of psychoanalytic persuasion. It is, thus, a school of thought within a medical discipline and as such concerns itself primarily with the cause and treatment of mental disease. This statement will make many psychoanalysts wince, for while they are willing to admit that their discipline concerns itself in great measure with mental illness, it is much more comprehensive in its scope. Indeed, it is a discipline which purports to explicate the very foundations of human nature.

As we have seen, the influence of psychoanalysis in the United States at present is most impressive. It would, indeed, be difficult to overestimate the impact of Freud's thought on the thinking of our times, especially among the classes which may be considered as supplying the intellectual leadership for the nation. The impact of his doctrine is perhaps attributable to two things: a) he deals comprehensively with sex and b) what he has to say about the human psyche is clothed in the colorful and metaphorical language of folk poetry. Stripped of all its verbiage, the psychoanalytic message of Freud, in its essential aspects, is simple and so intuitively vivid that it is comprehensible to everyone. It is like a play, with a villain, a hero, a plot, and a stage: the *Id*, the *Superego*, their struggle, and the *Unconscious*.

Freud's language is abstract and formal even though his concepts are concrete and poetical. So aseptic is his terminology that probably no one has written of sex as sexlessly as Freud did. As would be expected, his severest critics are to be found among the academic psychologists, that is, among those investigators who con-

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cern themselves with the basic laws which underlie human and animal nature. The criticisms which have been made are varied, technical, and numerous, and this is certainly not the place to enumerate them. They may, however, be classified: a) criticisms directed against the internal logic of the various psychoanalytic systems and b) criticisms of its factual basis. I will concern myself primarily with the second consideration, since a single stubborn fact can put to rout a whole division of syllogisms. In general terms, the chief complaint is that Freud's theoretical structure rests on inadequate evidence. Were astronomy, physics, chemistry, and biology to condone such casual and uncontrolled fact-gathering and such tenuous deductions from facts collected and checked so cavalierly as Freud did, the imposing structure of twentieth-century science would hardly exist.

Central to Freud's theory is the struggle between the Superego and the Id. This implacable conflict begins in earliest infancy and continues throughout life, but the experiences of infancy, childhood, and adolescence are especially important. The animal desires of the untutored infant and child are gradually and increasingly thwarted by the forces of society embodied in the Superego. However, these rebuffs to the Id are not taken by the latter lying down. The wishes, the impulses, the cravings are repressed and pushed below the threshold of consciousness, it is true, but they are not killed. They remain there, struggling to find expression.

Candid manifestation and expression is not possible because of the faithful vigilance of the Superego, hence it is necessary to utilize stealth and disguises: the complexes, the bizarre loves and fears, the fantastic and senseless dreams, the various curious incapacities of mind and limb —the anesthesias, blindnesses, tics, etc.—all these are disguises which the repressed libidinal energies assume. Hence the environment of the infant and the child are of overwhelming importance, since the character of the person's surroundings may lead to crippling neuroses sooner or later. Everyone should be psychoanalyzed, in order to free himself of all psychical scar tissue.

Now there cannot be the slightest doubt of the importance of the environment in infancy, childhood, and adolescence. But—granting that there are persons who cannot see out of one eye when all opthalmological tests give negative results, who are anesthetic in the right hand when all the sensory paths are intact, who are overcome by fear at the sight of a closed umbrella, who have recurrent dreams of being chased by a burly man with a knife—must we use the elaborate, picturesque abacadabra of psychoanalytic theory to understand these phenomena? As the physiologist Anton Carlson used to say testily: "What is the evidence?"

The evidence is clinical, that is, to be found in case histories. A patient comes to the psychoanalyst's office with one or several complaints. After extended probing into the individual's past, circumstances come to light which could be related to the present symptoms; the experiences in question are found to have a strong emotional tone and were forgotten. Upon being brought to light and looked at objectively, discussed, evaluated, the symptoms are mitigated or disappear. This whole process may require a year or more. Of course, there are many instances where everything is achieved by the therapist *except* removal of the symptoms, in which case he concludes that the resistance on the part of the Id was too great.

However, the crux of the matter is not so much the cases which are not cured as those which are. A child wets the bed, and no attempted medication has helped. She is taken to a psychoanalytically-oriented therapist, who finds among other things that the child is jealous of and hates the mother. He therefore concludes that the bed-wetting constitutes an unconscious reprisal against the mother. The facts are clear enough: the child does wet the bed and does, let us admit, detest her mother. The conclusion, however, is not clear. The two facts by no means guarantee the truth of the conclusion. But the rebuttal to all objections is to show that, after the child is submitted to therapy and her feelings and attitudes toward the mother are brought to light for her and explained, the enuresis disappears. Unfortunately, this is not the case in many instances, but let us ignore the negative results. We are to inquire: does the fact that the therapy ameliorates the situation prove the correctness of the diagnosis?

By no means. Psychoanalytic therapy is by its very nature such a protracted and complex thing that one cannot readily catalogue the relevant elements of experience which transpire in it from the subject's point of view. The therapy is literally an education. No one can go on week after week for an hour at a time speaking out everything that appears in consciousness without being affected perceptibly by the process, whether or not he has a Superego or an Id. Many therapists not subscribing to psychoanalytic doctrine have an equal degree of success with recalcitrant cases of enuresis. Indeed, it has been shown that psychiatrists of other than psychoanalytic persuasion report the same percentage of successful treatments among their patients as do psychoanalysts themselves. This is not categorical proof, of course, but it looks very much as if the patient got better or got worse quite independent of the theory.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that much of human thought and conduct is sex-motivated, but this could only be news to puritans. It does not require the elaborate metaphysical machinery of the Freudian system to make it plausible. It is very well to say, for instance, that ideas and experiences which are unacceptable to the Superego are banished to the unconscious and thereby forgotten. But there are many very unpleasant and humiliating experiences which haunt us to our dying day even though their banishment to the unconscious would be a most welcome change. Matters are even worse: it is a manifest fact that we are not conscious of all the incidents, experiences, and situations which have befallen us. There are so many. We forget most of them. Sometimes we forget things which one might readily suppose would be remembered; for example, the date of one's marriage. Does this prove that the item was actively suppressed? Does the fact that one does not get along too well with one's wife prove it? Not until it can be shown that husbands who get along well with their wives are more likely to remember their wedding date than those who do not.

CONTEMPORARY psychology has earned for itself, especially since the last world war, a rather substantial reputation. Its services during the war were many and various, and were dispatched with a gratifying degree of success—all the way from managing matters of personnel selection to the functional design of instrument panels. Since 1880, the date of founding of the first psychological laboratory, psychologists have cultivated

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the scientific vineyard with an almost humorless assiduousness, and they have acquired a lot of detailed knowledge. In the process, it must be emphasized that they have become clever designers of good experiments. The subject-matter of psychological experimentation is so tenuous and elusive, usually, that to the typical well-trained academic psychologist good experimental design is almost second nature.

Throughout this period of time they have also been quick to press into service techniques and gadgets which have been developed in other disciplines—from symbolic logic to transistors. We have learned that man is the most plastic of the living creatures, and that a vastly higher proportion of what he does and what he values is due to his experiences and learning than is the case in any other species known to science. Psychologists know a great deal about how we perceive the world around us, and how our beliefs, our training, and our wishes modify our perceptions.

Unfortunately, there is very much we do not know; it seems we are in ignorance of the more important things. We know very little, for instance, about the sources of personality. Unfortunately, the things we do not know are precisely the things we should know were a science of psychology an accomplished fact rather than a promising program. The vacuum of sound scientific understanding of human thought, desire, and action has provided an excellent arena for a conceptual Roman holiday. Into it have rushed a varied assortment of characters: the soothsayers, the mystics, the muddle-headed, the sob-sisters, and not least of all the hard-headed opportunists who see a splendid opportunity to turn the general confusion to their financial advantage. As a consequence, the whole field of knowledge regarding human relations is filled with a tremendous cacophony of voices, each trying to recruit a following. Nostrums and cults appear overnight. Witness, for instance, dianetics or the "Case of Bridey Murphy."

The miasma of ignorance which surrounds the topic of psychology and the resulting babel of tongues about complexes, inhibitions, repressions, psychosomatic illnesses, fears, childhood traumas, Oedipus yearnings, and maladjustments due to frustrations have reduced many thoughtful adults to a helpless mass of disorganized and quivering apprehensions. This is particularly true of those who are literate and who read books and articles to prepare themselves for approaching parenthood or who, being parents already, seek "scientific" guidance. Many households stagger from one crisis to another, as each daily development becomes the occasion for extended judicious palaver and conclave. The child's nursery and playroom is infiltrated with a subtle atmosphere of solicitous apprehension and solemn vacillation. Sometimes the patience of one or the other or both of the parents begins to fray at the edges, and family life and childraising, instead of being something warm, comfortable and gay, slowly and imperceptibly take on the tone of an endless and loveless chore.

How about the effect on the child? In the vacuum of wills into which he was born and raised, certain attitudes slowly develop on his part. As the years go by he perceives that he is the center of the universe he knows; he has to work for the things he wants, to be sure, but nearly everything he wants is forthcoming if he "plays his cards right" and will only persist long enough. Indeed, there are times when he thinks he senses a secret admiration on the part of his

(*Continued on page* 40)

WHAT IS SCHIZOPHRENIA?

These days the average reader runs across the word schizophrenia *in nearly every novel or play. As Dr. Gengerelli points out, it is an illness (or illnesses) for which there is known no sure cure. But what does the word* mean? *Every textbook on schizophrenia is largely an attempt to define the word (and specify the condition) in the terms of the case-experiences of whoever wrote the book. This is not a bad system except that not often do two authors agree on one usage. As we can see here, the "Webster" definition is clear but general. The professional definitions following require a certain amount of reconciliation. Probably the meaning of the word is uncertain enough that a layman should never use it, and a scientist only when he simultaneously cites a specific, well-known technical formulation.*

WEBSTER: "A type of psychosis characterized by loss of contact with the environment and by disintegration of the personality."

DREVER, *in "A Dictionary of Psychology":* "A type of mental disorder, inclusive of what was formerly called *dementia praecox,* characterized by dissociation, particularly between the intellectual processes and the affective, the latter being also to a great extent disorganized, with many varieties."

ALEXANDER, *in "Fundamentals of Psychoanalysis":* "In schizophrenia the ego loses its synthetic function of harmonizing the different and often contradictory instinctual demands. Sudden unmotivated aggressive attacks and self-destructiveness are clear signs of disintegration in the structure of the ego. . . . The self-mutilations are symbolic of self-castrations and are manifestations of isolated feminine wishes which are released after the synthetic function of the ego is destroyed. The polymorphous, manic behavior is the manifestation of disorganized instinctual demands which have lost their interconnections and seek independent outlets. . . . . The ability to dispense with reality is a characteristic of schizophrenia which differentiates it from neuroses, in which so radical a flight from reality is impossible."

HENDERSON AND GILLESPIE, *in "A Textbook of Psychiatry":* "In its typical form it consists in a slow, steady deterioration of the entire personality, usually showing itself at the period of adolescence. It involves principally the affective life, expresses itself in disorder of feeling, of conduct, and of thought, and in an increasing withdrawal of interest from the environment. . . . Kraepelin differentiated three principal types. Later he added a fourth variety, and in the last edition of his textbook numerous other forms: simple depressive *dementia praecox,* delusional *dementia praecox,* circular *dementia praecox,* etc."

MENNINGER, *in "The Human Mind":* "The common tendency of the members of the group is an inability to get along well with other people. These people sometimes appear to want to mix with the herd. More often they obviously do not want to and they never do—successfully, at any rate. They may achieve great things and they may not—we may acclaim them and pay them due respect—but we never love them very much. We can't. They won't let us."

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Spotlight on Fiction

"NEVER SO FEW"

Author: Tom T. Chamales

By MAXWELL GEISMAR, *author of "Writers in Crisis" and other studies of American literature.*

AFTER two decades of the higher criticism it may be useful to return to the basic axioms of the literary craft. What counts in a novel is simply the amount of life it contains. And what one really pays tribute to, in any novel, is the artist's vision of life. On the first score, there is little doubt that in "Never So Few" (Scribners, $4.50) Tom T. Chamales has written an extraordinary first novel of the Burma guerillas—the Kachin tribesmen with their American and English leaders—during the Second World War. It is an exotic and absorbing experience that one lives through in the dense pages of this book, full of pain, suffering, and death.

But this is also an odd and rather disturbing novel, which opens in the hills of North Burma, where an American officer, Con Reynolds, has been learning something about the natives. The Kachins are small, brown, childlike, polite, and merry. Their wise man is Nautaung; their commander is the Subadar Major La Bung La of the Burma Rifles; they are invincible warriors and wonderfully charming human beings. The great single merit of the novel is really the affectionate account of them which dispels the cliché of the white man's superiority.

The "whites" are in fact a pretty ragged lot, terrified and corrupted by the ordeal of jungle fighting, which the Kachins take as their natural existence when their country is in danger: and when was it not? The radio operator, Niven, is young, weak, and unstable; the half-Spanish, half-Filipino Lau'rel is still tortured by an unhappy love affair; the tough killer Danforth, of American Indian descent, looks down his nose at these remote ancestors who have brought him only shame and disgrace in his own mind. The first job of Con Reynolds is simply to bring his "commanding officers" up to the level of discipline, courage, and dignity that the Kachins expect from their leaders.

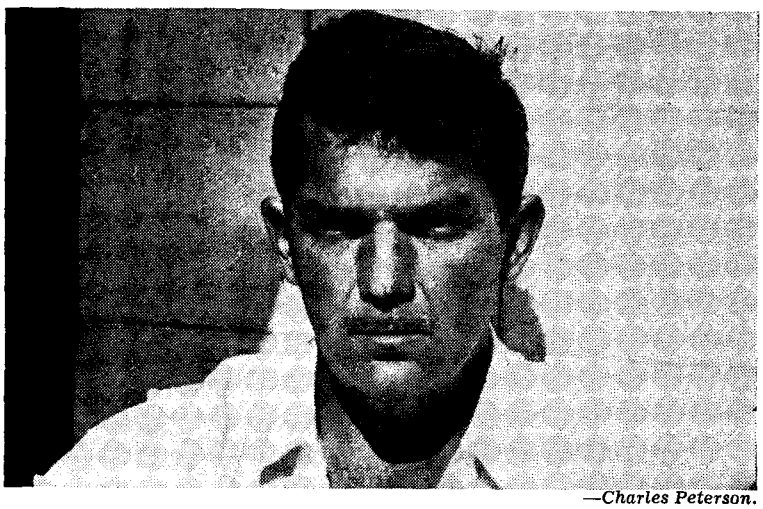
In this respect "Never So Few" almost goes back to the days of Stephen Crane, when war was an intensely personal experience which either made or destroyed a man's character. That is the opening theme of the book, and it is superbly rendered in the descriptions of the actual processes of guerilla warfare, which Mr. Chamales himself took part in for a year and a half behind the Japanese lines. This area of the novel never falters and is continually engrossing. But when the narrative moves up to the higher echelons of the British-American command in Asia, and into the areas of civilian life itself, the texture of the writing is less sure.

DURING the course of the Burma campaign we also get profiles of Lord Mountbatten, Generals Wingate, Merrill, and Stilwell, and the other great names who were assembled in the Asian theatre. But there is a mixture of old-fashioned Richard Harding Davis "romance" in the narrative here, and somehow Mr. Chamales seems to confuse the founders of the American Republic with some of its later millionaires, or with General Motors. Con Reynolds himself, when he tosses a grenade to his chauffeur, or takes over the hospital he has been sent to, becomes something of a superman. When he rejects the girl he has loved earlier because she is too "respectable" for him, we understand his point, but are not attracted by his tone.

It is in the peacetime human relationships of all the central figures—and particularly those with women—that the novel makes us uneasy. The personal histories of Mr. Chamales's heroes are compounded of fears, frustrations, and ugly hatreds, and there is something here of contempt, not merely for the regular army itself, but for the whole fabric of civilian life. Unlike the Kachins, these Americans cannot shake off the fever of war and enjoy the delights of peace—they seem indeed to have no taste for and no memory of such pleasures. They are only happy with each other back again in the fierce jungles of Burma. They are an élite of desperate men.

There is undoubtedly truth in these portraits, as the studies of T. E. Lawrence, for example, have indicated. But it is this desperate vision of life that one questions on the part of such a talented new novelist as Mr. Chamales—and that makes one nervous. As the novel moves towards the climax of the Burma campaign the earlier episodes of warmth and gaiety even among the Kachins are muted; the scenes of war become appallingly brutal and savage. The dead-end kid, Ringa—murderer, and professional torturer of the Jap prisoners—takes over the stage in effect, and the death of Con Reynolds is inevitable, and perhaps unlamented. Now that Mr. Chamales has dealt with war so brilliantly, he will have to come to terms with peace and with art.

YOUNG MAN IN AMERICA: For a youth to start a novel like **"Some Must Watch"** (Scribners, $3.95) at sixteen and finish it at nineteen is so remarkable that, like Johnson's dog walking on its hind legs, one is inclined to



—*Charles Peterson.*

Tom T. Chamales—"he will have to come to terms with peace."

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ignore whether it is well done. This is exceptional work for so young a writer and it earns Edwin Daly that good old label "promising." Much of the actual writing, I gather, was done at the Handy colony for young writers (see right). I do hope that before he goes much further, Edwin Daly may be exposed to experienced criticism and above all to someone with an ear for the English language.

The story deals with a youth of eighteen, and handles very well the character of the community in which he is growing up. The hero is well brought out. There are stock ingredients that indicate, I suppose, something about current American psychology. The father takes a thorough beating, the mother is sweet but defeated, the little sister is delightful. Those little sisters—what sublimation do they represent in our young authors?

A man of sixteen to nineteen writing of one of eighteen has a memory so fresh as to approach total recall. It seems as if every cigarette the lad smokes, every mouthful he eats, everything his eyes rest on, every thought that passes through his head, has been recorded. Many times he finds his own thoughts and observations dull; so, most certainly does the reader.

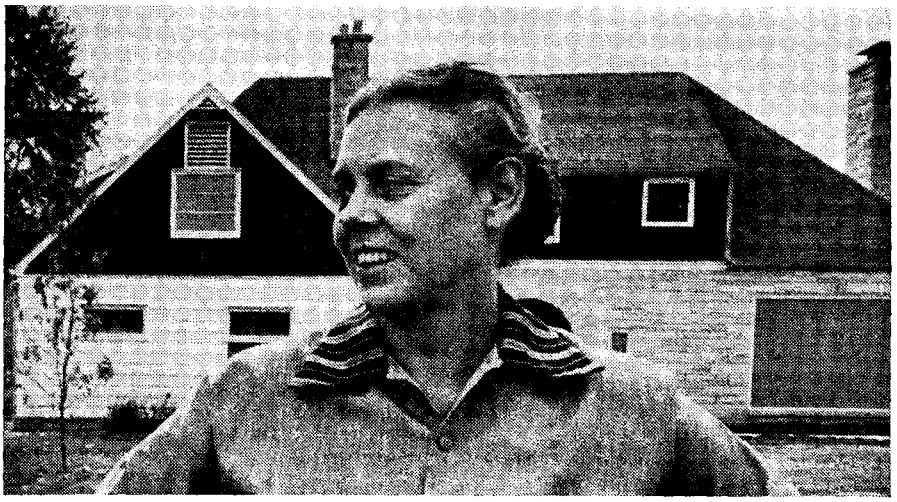
In addition to these *longeurs,* the telling is marred by much flat, styleless writing, often syntactically bad, occasionally inexcusable. There is also plenty of good straight writing with some effective passages.

The story goes nowhere special. We live some time inside the boy, and genuinely so, get some excellent insights into the father, then the father's death furnishes an end if not a climax. The author tells us that the boy has arrived at a unique understanding of his father that would have climactic value if he gave us reason to believe it.

This review is pretty harsh. We have a potential writer too good not to criticize honestly, which is what he invited by such early publication. You learn to write by writing, by listening (which includes reading and digesting), and by experimenting. A writer never should stop experimenting, of course, and to the extent that he does it in public, expect to take it on the chin, but the beginner should have the humility to practise, destroy, and try again.

Mr. Daly has started another novel already. I am sorry. I do not want to see him get into a posture before the public when he is still at the stage of the closet. He can, I believe, develop into an able writer, and he will be more likely to do so if he will eschew the glamor of precocity.

—Oliver La Farge.



—*Art Shay.*

Mrs. Handy—"bigger things lie ahead."

LOWNEY'S BOYS

UNTIL a few weeks ago, with one notable exception, more and better literary *oeuvres* had been written about the singular all-boy writers' colony run by Mrs. Lowney Handy at Marshall, Ill., than had been published by its denizens. The exception was of course "From Here to Eternity," which James Jones wrote as Mrs. Handy's first protegé, a book whose $500,000 earnings have helped keep the colony going. Now it begins to look as if the faith and matriarchal urge of Mrs. Handy, fifty-two, unpublished novelist, childless wife of an oil refinery manager, is going to pay off handsomely. The second book by a Handy-man, twenty-four-year-old Gerald Tesch's "Never the Same Again," produced a dull thud when Putnams published it last fall, despite its homosexuality-and-sadism theme. But this spring Scribners is offering two more that seem destined to fare better: "Some Must Watch," by Edwin Daly, twenty-one-year-old Yale junior from Illinois, about a college boy's summertime return to the world of his parents (see left) and "Never So Few," by Tom T. Chamales, thirty-two-year-old native of Chicago, who studied briefly at Northwestern and Iowa, served as a captain in the Burma campaign, has wandered from place to place and job to job ever since (at the moment he is in Florida). Entranced by "From Here to Eternity," Chamales visited the Handy colony, began work on his novel under the eyes of Mrs. Handy and Jones himself.

In a recent *Chicago Review* article, one of the spate of pieces published on the Handy ménage, a former inmate named David Ray described the regimen there. For admission, after submitting a sample manuscript and convincing Jones and Mrs. Handy of his personal qualifications, he had to promise the headmistress to obey all her orders, to give up all personal possessions (including girl friends and other human relationships), and to turn over to her establishment 20 per cent of all eventual royalties. At the colony—a cluster of barracks, cabin, and ramada containing kitchen and library set on five acres on the outskirts of Marshall—three to a dozen Handy boys follow a rigorous daily schedule: up at six for a silent breakfast of coffee and toast; steady writing under the watch of Mrs. Handy (after a preliminary period of copying the works of such "masters" as William March, Raymond Chandler, Tess Slessinger, and John Marquand); lunch at which anything but writing can be discussed; several hours of laying and relaying the brick walk around the ramada, followed by swimming, boxing, and gymnastics; a frugal supper with Jello to fill empty spots in the stomach (contraband conversational topics: Proust, Wallace Stevens, Dylan Thomas, Henry James, D. H. Lawrence, Norman Mailer); lights out at nine.

Even bigger things lie ahead for the Handy colony. In the fall Scribners will be publishing Jones's second novel, "Some Come Running," 300,000 words *longer* than "From Here to Eternity," which M-G-M has taken on terms that may bring the author more than any novelist has ever taken out of Hollywood. This week Jones was taking home to his bizarre $85,000 bachelor manse in Marshall Gloria Mosolino, the blonde actress he recently married in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. The new Mrs. Jones will be a new departure for the Handy world.

—Walter Wray.

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Yankee Gallimaufry

***"The Wapshot Chronicle" by John Cheever** (Harper. 307 pp. $3.50), the first novel of a highly regarded short story writer, deals with several generations in a Massachusetts family.*

By Carlos Baker

WHEN Moses Wapshot decided to leave his native village of St. Botolphs to seek his fortune in the great world, his mother gathered up a few mementos for him to take along. These included his confirmation certificate (the Wapshots were lukewarm Episcopalians), a souvenir spoon from Plymouth Rock, the drawing of a battleship made when Moses was six, his football sweater, prayer book, muffler, and two of his better report cards. Although she knew perfectly well that he would not carry these artifacts away with him, she had enjoyed trotting them out for the occasion. Her heart was light enough when she put them back where they came from.

So is the reader's when he puts down John Cheever's gay, wistful, gamy fistful of a book. For, like the mother of Moses Wapshot, he has been able to lift and briefly examine a whole gallimaufry of loosely related episodes, characters, letters, signs, diaries, skulduggeries, conversations, houses, gift shops, amorous adventures, hotels, boarding-houses, boat rides, harridans, carp dinners, courtships, delicatessens, fishing trips, windbreakers, psychiatric interviews, and strip-tease acts. "The Wapshot Chronicle" is an antique bureau filled with everything and apparently everybody under the sun.

Cheever—"a wonder with a limited scene."

It is no accident, it is indeed a Cheeverian plan, that the chronicle should open with an Independence Day parade which is broken up when a wag sets off a firecracker under the mare which pulls the float on which the members of the Woman's Club are riding, complete with folding chairs, lectern, water carafe, and tumbler. Independence is in fact the very mark and emblem of the Wapshots. Miss Honora Wapshot, an eccentric old widgeon who holds the purse strings of the tribe; her improvident cousin, Leander his wife, Sarah (President of the Woman's Club), and their sons, Moses and Coverly, represent the family as it was in the period 1890-1950 or thereabouts. Honora's independence shows in her browbeating of her faithful cook, whose brows can take it, withholding money from Leander, reaching barehanded for live lobsters in a lobster pound, and seeing a movie through twice to get her money's worth. Leander's independence asserts itself in sailing the *Topaze*, a decrepit launch, back and forth between Travertine and Nangasakit, and Sarah's in performing good works for the improvement of the public weal in Botolphs.

ROUGHLY the first third of the book is devoted to life in this charming old river town. Most of the rest is about the fortunes and misfortunes of the two sons, Moses and Coverly, in Washington, New York, San Francisco, Island 93 in the South Pacific, a rocket launching settlement in the West, and an imported castle inhabited by an ancient Wapshot cousin named Justina and her toothsome ward, Melissa.

As readers of Cheever's short stories know, he is a wonder with the limited scene, the separate episode, the overheard conversation, the crucial confrontation. "The Wapshot Chronicle" reflects these powers with immense vitality, largesse, and profusion. But it is held together largely by spit and wire. It shows that while John Cheever's fortes are many, amusing, touching, and admirable, one of them is not architectonics.

—*John Engels.*

Calvin Kentfield—"exciting writer."

Mississippi Tales

***"The Angel and the Sailor," by Calvin Kentfield** (McGraw-Hill. 217 pp. $3.50), contains a novella and nine short stories, many of which deal with life in small Iowa river towns.*

By William Peden

CALVIN KENTFIELD'S second book of fiction "The Angel and the Sailor," amply justifies the enthusiasm which greeted his first novel, "The Alchemist's Voyage," which was published late in 1955. This thirty-two-year-old Iowan, in spite of the uneven quality of his work, is the most exciting writer this reviewer has encountered since the appearance of Flannery O'Connor.

The title novella depicts an unusual heroine who would be more at home in the medieval world of folk ballads than in the upper Mississippi valley town into which fate and Mr. Kentfield cast her. Treesy, only daughter of a prosaic Iowa farmer, horrifies her father by her childhood display of creative gifts, and disgusts him by shocking revelations of a secret life, which he will not tolerate. Around this "dark angel" Mr. Kentfield revolves some memorable characters: the uncomprehending father; Treesy's mother, a dreamer with the "world in her blood"; her sibylline grandmother, who had "known too much," and, most important of all, The Sailor, a semi-legendary ancestor who had perished at sea and whose exploits became a fever in the minds of his descendants. Mr. Kentfield has created a story that, besides being a pro-

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FRANCE

Report on the Fourth Republic

***"As France Goes," by David Schoenbrun** (Harper. 341 pp. $5), is an account of political and social conditions in that country by a reporter for CBS news. Geoffrey Bruun, who reviews it here, is the author of "Europe and the French Imperium."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

MILLIONS of Americans, tuning in a CBS round-up of world news, have heard the familiar announcement, "We take you now to Paris, David Schoenbrun reporting." Mr. Schoenbrun's lively commentaries on current crises, his ringside reports on the French Chamber in action, and his interviews with statesmen whose decisions made history, have helped more than once to make history themselves. He exemplifies in this age of telecommunication that omniscient man-about-the-globe, the foreign correspondent.

Understandably enough, he draws on some of his more spectacular interviews to highlight this "inquiry into the crises of France." His private talk with Ho Chin Minh in 1946 is heavy with irony now that the eight-year war in Indochina has run its course. His invitation in 1950 to a briefing by Jean Monnet on the Schuman Plan suggests how the great news services may shape history at critical moments. His interview with Sultan Mohammed ben Youseff of Morocco did shape history by speeding the sultan's dethronement.

The virtues of "As France Goes" are the virtues that mark Mr. Schoenbrun's news reports. His emphatic style, his conscious role as a mediator explaining one nation to another, his dexterity in stripping away deceptive labels and describing French parties and politicians in realistic terms are noteworthy assets. In this volume his commentaries are sharp and shrewd rather than novel or exhaustive. Six years ago in "Modern France" some thirty American experts supervised by Edward Meade Earle dissected France more thoroughly, and last year Alexander Werth covered much the same ground at greater length in "France 1940-1955."

French politics, so puzzling and exasperating to foreigners, are a tawdry facade behind which French administrative processes and French energies function surprisingly well despite illogical handicaps. The more serious evils, in Schoenbrun's view, are economic rather than political. The inequitable tax system bears too heavily on the wage-earners and helps to explain why one French citizen in four votes Communist. The great majority of French farms are too small and fragmented to make mechanization of agriculture practical. Shops and industries are too often parochial and monopolistic, denying France the benefits of mass production and distribution. The transportation system is centripetal with Paris as the hub. Schoenbrun extols the plans of Monnet and Schuman for reforms and a European economic union while under-emphasizing the obstacles. But he is right to stress the natural wealth and resources of France and the postwar rise in the birthrate as hopeful signs of a potential revival.

Historians, safe in their hindsight, can isolate essential issues and pinpoint critical decisions. The foreign correspondent essays the more daunting task of explaining history while it is happening. For this, presumably, he needs an intimate knowledge of the past—how else does he generate those flashes of intuition whereby he illuminates the present? Mr. Schoenbrun himself insists that "The present of any country can only be fully understood in terms of its past." Yet the affirmation has a paradoxical ring. For the weakest elements of this incisive analysis of France today are its oversimplified statements concerning France in the past.

In a hasty mood Schoenbrun can write, "Had not Catherine de Medici been a fanatic and Henry IV a cynical man much of France's political woes of today would have been avoided." Confusing the fall of the Bastille with the execution of Louis XVI he says: "Europe had remained untouched by the revolutions of England and America. Yet every crown slipped and every throne trembled when the guillotine fell on the neck of Louis XVI of France. Men danced in the streets of Rome, Vienna, and Prague as well as in the streets of Paris."

Now the English civil war of 1642-1648 was one of six contemporaneous European revolutions and it did not leave Europe untouched. The succeeding English revolution of 1688-1689 changed the European balance of power. The American War of Independence drew France, Spain, and Holland into the fighting and hastened the fall of the French monarchy. The execution of Louis XVI did not provoke dancing in Rome, where Pius VI had condemned the French revolutionary excesses, nor in Vienna or Prague, because Austria was at war with France in 1793.

It is to be hoped such inexactitudes will be corrected in subsequent printings for this is in general a sprightly and informative book.

Jacket illustration for "As France Goes" (Bulloz).

"Every crown slipped and every throne trembled."

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—From "Village in the Vaucluse."

Mayor Ginoux and, in background, Communist Party worker Moise Jannel.

Life Off the Tourist Track

"Village in the Vaucluse," by Laurence Wylie *(Harvard University Press. 339 pp. $5.50), is a sociological study of a small French town by a professor of French literature. Professor Henri Peyre of Yale reviews it.*

By Henri Peyre

LAURENCE WYLIE, a professor of French at Haverford College, has long felt that his role was not just to impart the intricacies of French grammar and of the mute e, the esoteric beauties of Symbolist poets or the obvious stylistic effects of Mérimée and Maupassant to American students. He wished to observe, away from the track beaten by tourists and away from the glamorous cultural centers, how the humble people lived in the most written about, yet the most baffling of countries. With his wife and two children, he settled for a year in an average "department" of France, Vaucluse, and in a picturesque but poor village, Roussillon, which he thinly disguises in the book as Peyrane. The village used to prosper on the ochre which was extracted from its colorful cliffs and was exported widely, until synthetic colors ruined its trade. It has now no industry to speak of, its soil is poor, its trade with the rest of the country insignificant.

Laurence Wylie supplemented his literary training by a solid acquaintance with the methods of sociological inquiry. But French villagers are more reticent and more distrustful of foreigners, especially of "wealthy Americans," than the natives of almost any other country. They had to be won over to granting their confidence to the observer in their midst by the charm of two American children, the devotion and modesty of an American wife different from the hysterical actresses of the screen, by the professor's talent as a photographer, and by his humor and disarming cordiality. Seldom, if ever, has the daily life of a humble French community been delineated with such patience, such smiling tolerance, such objectivity.

Objective observation inevitably proceeds through the accumulation of a great many anecdotal facts and average data. The peril of such a method is repetitiousness and the lack of an overall pattern. There is some occasional repetitiousness in Laurence Wylie's book and occasionally some lengthy writing. But the book on the whole is written with alertness and with literary skill. It is untainted by sociological categorizing and by jargon.

THE structure of the volume is impeccable. The reader becomes acquainted with a number of individuals, observed in their outward behavior but hardly analyzed in the silent tragedies of their lives. He follows the customs surrounding birth, child care, schooling, adolescence, the discovery and the sane and restrained acceptance of "the facts of life." Adult problems are then described at length: setting up a home, eating, working and loving habits, eking out a living, resisting hygiene stubbornly yet living healthily, distrusting others yet merging political dissensions and the anarchistic individualism of the French into a happy and well integrated community. Recreations and pleasures—very unexciting pleasures by American standards—feasts and rites are described in the last chapters and a restrained epilogue offers wise and suggestive conclusions on one of the mysteries of agrarian France: communities of placid and otherwise traditionalist farmers where half of the population chooses to vote for Communism or for Poujadism.

This patiently collected and intelligently interpreted treasury of observation on a Southern French village should reveal to many an American reader a France far different from that which has been presented to him in "Moulin Rouge," "Lust for Life," and even in Proust's and Mauriac's fiction. Is this unglamorous but very sympathetic portrayal of the French as a serious, clean, fatalistic population truer to life than the French people delineated in fiction? Is the average truth the truth in those matters? Is not a culture more significantly represented by its gifted, more turbulent and more anguished, but more creative elements?

Doubts linger in the mind of this reviewer. There are stifled passions of avarice and greed and sex, haunting dramas of love and hatred, unexpressed dreams of sentiment and of escape in those not very vocal farmers of Provence. They know that they are being left behind in the race for modernization, that their thrifty way of life, which entails poverty as well as an appearance of independence, is doomed. They curse the government, as Laurence Wylie justly remarks, and all the mythical "big powers" at home or abroad, but do nothing to change anything. Is not such a truthful and vivid description of a French village misleading after all? Those villages are less typical of the France of today (indeed they are populated in part by emigrants from Italy) than industrial suburbs or small towns where machinery and cooperative methods have transformed agriculture. They are inhabited by children and old men and women. Most of the robust males go to the cities, work on the railways or in garages, as barmen or coal deliverers or department store clerks or domestic servants. Some even become doctors, lawyers, politicians, men of letters. The absent ones, as a French saying has it, are too easily in the wrong, or left out from this otherwise admirable sociological portrait.

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Love Song to Yesterday

***"Background With Chorus," by Frank Swinnerton** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 236 pp. $3.75), subtitled "A Footnote to Changes in English Literary Fashion Between 1901 and 1917," is the first of two such volumes by a writer who was also involved in book publishing for a quarter of a century*

By Harry T. Moore

TODAY, England's literary yesterday is the frequent subject of memoirs and informal histories. Witness the recent books by David Garnett, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Clive Bell, and others, as well as the publication of Virginia Woolf's "Diary" and her exchange of letters with Lytton Strachey. And now we have Frank Swinnerton's extensive "footnote" to the British world of letters of 1901-1917.

Swinnerton, as a popular novelist and as a "publishers' hack" (his phrase), has been admirably placed to observe the British authors, editors, publishers, and critics of this century. His earlier survey, "The Georgian Scene" (1935), which is predominantly critical, remains one of the shrewdest and most complete books on that period. The present volume, the first of a series of two, is mostly reminiscence at first or second hand, in the spirit of "anecdotalists such as Spence, Boswell, J. T. Smith, or Hazlitt," as well as in that of "Haydon's autobiography and table talk, 'The Journal to Stella,' Crabb Robinson's 'Diary,' or the unconsidered memoirs of Caroline Fox."

Unfortunately, Swinnerton knew no Swifts or Johnsons. His contemporaries whose fame has increased with the passing of time—James, Shaw, Lawrence, and Conrad—he reports for the most part from secondary sources, though entertainingly enough. Unlike his predecessors in the memoir-history mélange—Frank Harris and Ford Madox Ford—Swinnerton is reliable, no matter how picturesque the material becomes. Harris was clumsy in his prose as in his faking; Ford wrote magically, but too often conjured up fantasy instead of fact, which Swinnerton stringently does not do. Indeed, the largest mistake I can find in his book is one of omission: Swinnerton regrets that the manuscript of "The Old Wives' Tale" isn't in the British Museum so that its calligraphy and methods might be seen and studied—he doesn't seem to know of the 1927 "facsimile edition" of that manuscript, which was not too violently expensive to be out of the reach of those who needed it.

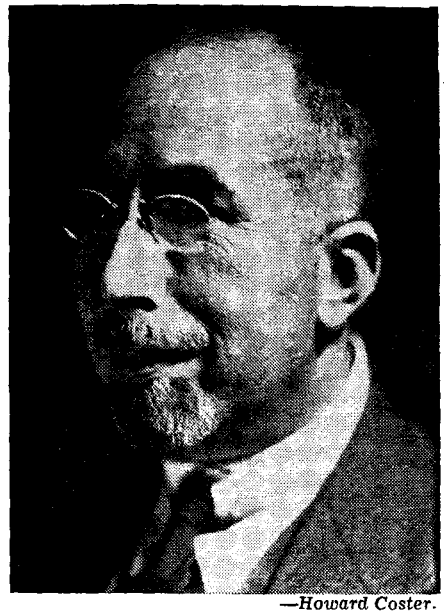
Even if Swinnerton doesn't give us intimate views of the giants, he seems to have known everyone else in the literary world of the "stale, misty" London he writes of so suggestively. He peoples Fleet Street and Grub Street with piquant characters, he tells lively stories of the then-famous novelists he knew, such as Wells and Galsworthy and Bennett, and he gives one wonderful streetside glimpse of the matinee idol Martin-Harvey "running, tripping rhythmically on his toes, with the long thin rats' tails of hair which looked so well in 'The Only Way' flipping on the back of his neck to the accompaniments of 'The Keel Row' whistled by ribald cabmen."

SWINNERTON can see himself in a humorous light, as in his story about a party at the Scott-Jameses' which has the air of a comic nightmare: "Only halfway through the evening did I discover that I had omitted to fasten a single button of my dress trousers. Hot with shame, I edged into solitude, repaired the omission, and turned to find the monstrous figure of Edward Garnett looming over me like Fate itself. What he supposed me to be doing, I cannot think; but with creditably swift composure, I spoke, looking up into those fiendish but on this occasion fortunately purblind eyes"—and immediately Swinnerton began discussing Chekov, inviting Garnett to have his wife submit her translations of this new rage to Chatto and Windus. Well, Swinnerton can think on his feet, as well as through his deft pen, as every line of this book shows.

One of its distinct services is to rescue from obscurity so many of the less-known figures all too quickly passed over or taken for granted in other books: Clement Shorter, for example, and Robertson Nicoll, and the "Everyman" publisher, J. M. Dent, who treated his authors and editors stingily because he was a man of little education who wanted to provide attractive books cheaply "for poor and uneducated men." Gilbert Cannan and the Barrie case appear, as far as I know, to explain for the first time in a book the real reason for the shipwreck of Barrie's marriage. And we have a wonderful story of Arnold Bennett pussyfooting into the house with a painting he had bought, hiding it under the bed for six months so that when he at last hung it and his wife discovered it, he could truthfully stammer out that it was an old possession—but Swinnerton, to whom Bennett confided his technique, was told by Bennett's French wife, "You know what Arnold does? He buy a picture. He hide it under his bed. Soon, he hang it on the wall. I say, 'Oh, Arnold, you have a new picture.' He say, 'That? I've had that a *long* time!' But I *know*!"

Swinnerton's portraits are sharp and witty, as when he shows Robert Nichols "striding about a room, nervously laughing, sure of his genius, not sure of his genius, almost welcoming the hint of tuberculosis as a sign of genius." Or Hugh Walpole, who innocently supposed that "the element of calculation in his make-up" was invisible, learning of Maugham's lampoon of him in "Cakes and Ale" and trying to persuade both author and publisher not to bring out the book. Swinnerton's treatment of all these episodes is certainly in the tradition of his announced models. His satire usually has a gentler edge, however, for his book is essentially a love song to a yesterday full of genial and amusing memories.

BIBLIONOSEGAY: John Carter is more than a gentleman of wisdom and wit; he is the only human being who ever flew the Atlantic with thirty-six pounds of Gutenberg Bible in his lap;



—Howard Coster.

Frank Swinnerton—"genial . . . amusing."

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he describes that epochal inconvenience with high good humor in one of the eighteen essays that make up a delightful bibliophilic posy, **"Books and Book-Collectors"** (World, $4.50). Since Mr. Carter, some years since, was also co-exposer of the deviltries of Thomas J. Wise, who fabricated books that had never before existed and got people to believing that they had, there are some beguiling and authoritative addenda to the fantastic career of this most fantastic of book crooks. Of the seven book-collectors whose personalities and pursuits are portrayed with discerning effectiveness, two are American—Wilmarth S. Lewis and the late Carroll A. Wilson. The fact that most of the material here gathered has previously appeared serially has given Mr. Carter an opportunity to append numerous engaging glosses, and even to correct himself in public. There is enough bibliography in these lively, frequently gay pages for Mr. Carter to maintain a franchise to which he has long been magnificently entitled, but mostly the accent is on man—man, that is, holding book. "What has happened to the literary essay?" one often asks, and pauses vainly for an answer. There will be no need to ask that question as long as John Carter is around. The only difficulty is that he doesn't happen often enough.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

FINE BOOK BINDING: Elbert A. Thompson's and Lawrence S. Thompson's **"Fine Binding in America: The Story of the Club Bindery,"** (University of Illinois Press, $2.50), the second in a series of chapbooks published by the National Library Science honorary fraternity, is a modestly comprehensive account of an interesting chapter in the history of bibliopegy in America. In 1859 a group of members of the Grolier Club organized the Club Bindery (which did not have and was not intended to have any official connection with the Grolier Club itself). A corps of skilled hand-binders, English and French, men and women, was installed in a downtown New York atelier. This, regrettably, was an era in which a book's original investiture was frequently ripped off to make way for something better, but many of the volumes dressed by the Club binders dated back to a time when there was no such thing as edition binding. The Club Bindery endured until 1909. Eight examples of the superlative work of members of the group are reproduced in this pleasant bit of research. The book has been distinctively designed by Ralph Eckerstrom of the University of Illinois Press.

—J. T. W.

THE LAW

—*Culver.*

Sir Edward Coke—"ancestral voices speak with new meanings."

Father of Our Legal Heritage

"The Lion and the Throne," by Catherine Drinker Bowen *(Little, Brown. 652 pp. $6), is an account of the life and times of Sir Edward Coke, the Elizabethan lawyer who contributed so much to the American common law. Professor Garrett Mattingly of Columbia, author of several studies of the Elizabethan era, reviews it here.*

By Garrett Mattingly

WITH "The Lion and the Throne: The Life and Times of Sir Edward Coke" Catherine Drinker Bowen completes what can now be seen as a meaningful trilogy. She has worked backwards in time from Justice Holmes ("A Yankee from Olympus") and the philosophical problems of the U. S. Supreme Court in the twentieth century, through John Adams and the American Revolution to the Elizabethan lawyer who led the first frontal assault on the prerogative of the Stuart kings and stamped his personality indelibly on the study of the English constitution and the common law.

The trilogy has a unity deeper than the surface similarities of its three protagonists, all of them notable lawyers, all of them men of marked and rather angular character, all of them staunch conservatives whom their contemporaries mistook at one time or another for revolutionary firebrands. These surface similarities are not accidental; they point to the underlying unity. For the real hero of this trilogy is the English common law in its role of the guardian of individual liberties of life and property but above all of free speech and unfettered opinion against the misuse of the police power of the state.

Naturally Mrs. Bowen sees her idea-hero from an American point of view. But she is seasoned enough a historian to perceive that like so much else of the American story, this part of it begins in England, in the England of Elizabeth I and the earlier Stuarts through which chiefly the American heritage draws its nourishment from its European past.

For a full-length biographical reconstruction like this one, Sir Edward Coke is a difficult subject, which may be why, until now, he has never found a satisfactory biographer. Although he lived until 1634, almost to the verge of the cataclysm of the English Revolution, he was essentially an Elizabethan, and the Elizabethans lie beyond a chasm hard for our imagination to bridge. Coke was twelve years older than Shakespeare, nine years older than his enemy, Francis Bacon, and just the same age as his victim, Walter Raleigh. Like so many Elizabethans he was a ferocious egotist. There was a side to him that was harsh, cold, inordinately self-seeking. And, also like so many Elizabethans, he has left us only a very fragmentary

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record of his personal life. The part of it his contemporaries recorded most fully, his long, rowdy feud with his second wife, Lady Hatton, a termagant as bad tempered and self-willed as he was, shows him often comically undignified, sometimes pathetically absurd, and now and then a little disgusting.

As Elizabeth's attorney-general Coke was hectoring and abusive beyond even the easy tolerance of his time. From his handling of recusants and Roman priests any civilized person of the last two centuries would shudder away in horror. His venomous conduct of the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh helped turn that fantastically unpopular swashbuckler into a national hero. Until he was named to the bench, Edward Coke was about as unlikely a defender of personal liberty as one could think of, and even after he passed from being the Crown's bully to being the law's bulwark, his personal animosities and interests had a way of getting mixed up with his higher aims. Even as Lord Chief Justice and oracle of the law he sometimes indulged in sharp practice, pettifogging, and misquotations that were close to bare-faced fraud. On first inspection, not a very appetizing character.

Mrs. Bowen is not unaware of Coke's defects. She gives them the most charitable interpretation she can manage—every man is entitled to expect that much from his biographer—but she does not conceal them from her readers. She gradually engages our sympathy, then our reluctant liking, and finally our admiration for Edward Coke, in spite of, and in part because of, the all too human flaws in his character.

It would be simple to ascribe Mrs. Bowen's success to her combination of patient, scholarly research with vivid, lively narration, so that her historical reconstructions are, almost always, while one is reading them, completely convincing. But the best things in this kind, whether biography or historical fiction, are rarely deeply moving. Their most vivid details have only the antiquarian validity of details in an elaborate battle picture painted by someone who was born long after the battle was fought.

What is deeply moving in this biography is the way it makes us feel that through Edward Coke, particularly in his old age, ancestral voices began to speak with new meanings, meanings as relevant to our present perplexities as they were to the troubles of Coke's time. When Coke was nearly eighty, leading the Commons in careful but stubborn opposition to James I, his fellow members began to refer to him as *pater patriae*, "the father of his country." In his assertion of the rule of law, of the rights of the individual against the state, and of the inviolability of the private conscience, Coke was the father of our country too, or at least of one part of its heritage, perhaps the most precious part, and still not the most secure.

ACCIDENT CASES: Melvin M. Belli, a California lawyer, has been called "King of Torts" in recognition of his great success in getting large jury verdicts in the personal injuries field. In a pugnacious book of unabashed egotism called **"Ready for the Plaintiff"** (Holt, $6.50), Belli describes what this means. It is a sprawling work utterly without style, frequently repetitious, but none the less important and interesting.

Millions of automobile injuries result in three-fourths of all the lawsuits in the country. For the average man, this is the most important branch of the law, the one he is personally most likely to encounter and the plaintiff's lawyer his sole hope for compensation in the event of injury.

Personal injuries may be ghastly in the extreme or even result in death. The purpose of the law should be speedy and adequate compensation. Indeed, this is a tautology for unless compensation is adequate it is a denial of compensation. Yet the law has a thousand traps for the unwary. Without a lawyer the average can expect to be screwed down to the most miserable settlement an insurance company adjuster can cajole him to take. With representation the settlement figure automatically rises.

It has nothing to do with justice. Each claim will be met desperately by insurance company personnel determined to limit or even to deny liability regardless of merit by methods frequently shocking to the conscience. One has only to meet the monotonous testimony of hired medical experts to realize what this means in actual practice.

In the past several years insurance companies have engaged in large scale advertising campaigns to condition the public against delivery of adequate verdicts by stressing the highly improper and inflammatory fact that insurance premiums might rise in consequence. The supine attitude of the courts, otherwise harsh and stern in these matters where the peccadillos of the other side are concerned, illustrates the military truism that (to paraphrase) justice is on the side of the big battalions.

Belli argues these points spiritedly. If there are faults on the plaintiff's side, it may be remembered that his lawyer almost always represents torn flesh and blood—the defense has no such plea in mitigation for it represents nothing but aggregations of capital pooled for the purpose of meeting claims. This work is lively and filled with anecdotes of the law in the best tradition of the profession.

—Eleazar Lipsky.

LAW FOR A NEW ERA: Philip Jessup's **"Transnational Law"** (Yale University Press, $3) is particularly welcome at a time when the need for a rule of law in the international community becomes daily more urgent. In introducing the term "transnational law," Dr. Jessup, who is Hamilton Fish Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia University and former United States Ambassador at Large, proposes to bring into one legal framework all legal problems of an international character. It has been repeatedly observed in recent years that traditional concepts of public and private international law have become inadequate to explain such hybrid forms of international life as the Iranian Oil Consortium, the European Coal and Steel Community, the International Monetary Fund, and the Suez Canal Company, In fact, if the legal status of the Suez Canal Company as an international public utility had been more clearly defined by existing principles of law, the present crisis in the Middle East could perhaps have been avoided.

Far from expatiating on the uniqueness of the current international situation and the legal forms it has produced, Jessup calls attention to the striking analogies to be found in earlier chapters in American history. For instance, he notes the obvious parallel between the flow of capital in the United States from East to West during the 1870s and 1880s and the present economic development of underdeveloped areas financed by Western capital.

In this slender volume, Jessup has produced a stimulating and valuable contribution to the rational understanding of international life, "A Modern Law of Nations."

—Harry G. Gourevitch.

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Talk, Write, Act

SOME random impressions of a trip recently concluded to the Far East, Middle East, and Africa:

The world is wide open for a new and big idea. Communism no longer fills that particular role for millions of Asians and Africans. Only a short time ago Communism seemed to many of these people to be a fast express to a better future. But the change-over at the controls produced a jerkiness that shook some people to pieces and caused others to jump for their lives. With Hungary, some of the cars on the train left the track altogether. The result is that countless people have been left standing around and are waiting for a new vehicle that can take them where they want to go. For if they have lost confidence in Communism, their belief in the destination is unchanged.

For people who are still under outside rule, the destination is national freedom. For those who have already gained such freedom, it is the need to consolidate it and protect it. For the individual in either group, it is related to the need to sustain life and make it meaningful. This takes the form not only of food and medicine but of education for the young. It also means scope for natural growth and provision for natural rights. It means justice and safety.

Democracy is not yet the big idea because it has yet to be presented in a way that fits the problem at its largest. Certainly democracy as championed or projected by the United States doesn't seem to translate too well into other languages. We haven't succeeded in making it a cause or a crusade, much less an ideology. To be sure, we proclaim it to the world, but what we are actually doing is advancing arguments for our own security. We seem to be seeking advertising acceptance for the position of America rather than for the idea of America in the world. We have been trying to score direct propaganda hits in the Cold War, fashioning our arguments strategically, instead of relating ourselves as human beings to other people. When we talk about freedom it is *our* freedom we have in mind, not our readiness to dedicate ourselves to the freedom of others.

There is the implication in what we say, of course, that what we have done others can do and that what we enjoy can be enjoyed by others. But even here we are showcasing ourselves, identifying ourselves as the standard. We have yet to say what others are waiting to hear. They want to know whether our advocacy of freedom means that we believe in their freedom from outside rule. They are waiting to hear whether we are just trying to make allies or whether we want to make a better world, whether we see men as pieces to be moved on the chessboard of international diplomacy or whether we see them as individual human beings with a sovereignty far more important than that which is arrogated by nations to themselves.

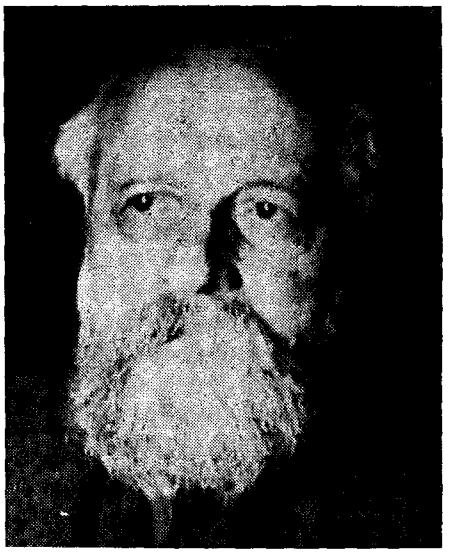
THE big idea, when it comes, will have something to do with giving reality to the great connections between peoples that exist independent of ideologies or national units. The nation is not the ultimate product of the human genius for organization. The ultimate achievement is a world operated under justice for the benefit of the individual members of the human community. In such a world there can be reverence for life, because there will be respect for the conditions that make life possible.

In Jerusalem I had the good fortune to discuss these matters with one of the world's wisest men, Martin Buber. Professor Buber is now seventy-nine. He is deeply concerned with the present drift in the world. He said that year by year the things that separated men from one another have been hardening; year by year the price of such separation has been growing. And the consequences of man's failure to bridge the big gaps extend indefinitely into the future. A generation or two ago, such failure was critical; now it is total.

What is worst of all, he said, is that it becomes increasingly difficult to know where to take hold, where to say "This is where we make our stand; here is where we clear the ground and build." He does not believe that the world's statesmen and political leaders can be counted on to define the problem and then meet it. They are so involved in the give-and-take of national rivalries that the larger question of human destiny is overlooked. It is enough to despair, he said.

There is one hope, Professor Buber observed. It is for people to become aware. Nothing can be done without awareness. With it, anything is possible. If people know and think and feel, they can talk and act and give leadership to their leaders. The human mind must be used as it was meant to be used—in the cause of human growth and integrity. The burden on young people is especially large, he said. They must comprehend what is needed and move towards it with all the resources at their command. Vast energies must be expended in this direction. You must never stop thinking about it, never stop working for it, he said. Talk, write, act.

—N. C.



Martin Buber: "Nothing can be done without awareness. With it, anything is possible."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SOUR SOUTHERNER

"This novel ('The Innocent') ought to be popular in the South, because Southern readers are, in general, malicious, injecting their malice into anything within their reach, and there is no moral goodness in this book anywhere. The Southerner, when he finds moral goodness, as in Faulkner, is baffled and mistakes it for indecency." When I read the above (*SR* Feb. 23) I was first appalled at the reviewer's (Mr. John Cook Wyllie's) venom; then amazed at his ignorance; and finally, thank goodness, amused at his naivete. The absurdity of his generalization is equalled only by its unpleasantness.

No doubt Mr. Wyllie will write at some time with the same degree of authority and familiarity on other such benighted sections as Southern England, Southern Ethiopia, Southern Uruguay, Southern Iran, etc. May his disposition improve if not his knowledge.

Jean A. Bernhardt.

Lenoir, N. C.

MR. WYLLIE REPLIES

My wife also objected, but mine were the comments not of a Yankee complaining but of a Southerner boasting, and I think may have been misunderstood.

They encompassed, in fact, a learned if distant and foreshortened allusion to Sainte-Beuve's comments on "Madame Bovary": "The French reader," he wrote with what I take to be pride, "is born malicious and injects his malice into anything within his reach . . . There is no goodness in the book."

I should have gone farther with the parallel: "In these provincial existences, which abound in bickerings, minor persecutions, mean ambitions, and pinpricks of all kinds, there are also to be found good and beautiful souls which have remained in a state of innocence, even more perfectly preserved and concentrated than elsewhere; modesty, resignation, devotion extending over long years—which of us has not seen examples of these in the provinces?"

But I was trying to say something about a novel called "The Innocent," not about Southerners, and if I really did tread on any toes they were my own.

John Cook Wyllie.

Richmond, Va.

MR. GEISMAR'S SATIRE

It is too bad that John Ciardi, who is so right in principle, should be so wrong in language and feeling—an odd thing for a poet. To make matters worse, he has now repeated a silly tale about my two articles on Herman Wouk, and he brings to his fevered defense a rather frivolous article on book-reviewing by Geoffrey Wagner in the *American Scholar*.

From what bit of inaccurate gossip Mr. Wagner himself picked up this Wouk affair, I don't know. But if anybody had read my two articles with care, the following points would be clear: 1) The first review of "Marjorie Morningstar" in *The New York Times* could hardly have been called a "friendly notice." It was in fact a particularly severe review which the *Times* featured without changing a word, and I received—certainly not so many letters as Mr. Ciardi has—but enough to record its honesty and integrity; 2) My second article on "The Age of Wouk" in the *Nation* was a sequel to this review—not a contradiction of it. That was why the *Nation* suggested it to me; and it dealt not with Mr. Wouk or his novel in themselves, but with the *Time-Life* version of this artist as the apostle of a new American literature. It was a satire.

Come, come, Mr. Ciardi! It may also "fascinate" you to know that I am including both articles in a forthcoming collection of critical essays because I happen to be proud of them, and see no fundamental difference in their values, or in those principles of criticism which I, too, share, with the exacerbated Poetry Editor of *The Saturday Review*.

Maxwell Geismar.

Harrison, N. Y.

MISS LOVEMAN'S ANCESTOR

It may be of interest to those of your subscribers who have read Richard Hanser's "Lincoln on Radio Csokonay" (*SR* Feb. 16), with its thought-provoking account of the wide sympathy aroused throughout the United States for the 1848 Hungarian revolution and its leader Kossuth, to learn also of Michael Heilprin, a young Polish Jew of great learning. He emigrated to Hungary, joined the 1848 revolution, became "secretary to the literary bureau attached to the Department of the Interior" of Kossuth's transitory government, was nearly captured by the Austrians, and fled to France. Later under amnesty he returned to Hungary, but eventually emigrated with his family to the United States, where he was a leading representative of the Hungarian revolutionary exiles.

In this country he was known as a truly great lexicographer and for twenty years one of the most distinguished though for the most part anonymous contributors to the *Nation*. An eminent scholar and friend of man in his own right, he was also the grandfather of a notable woman of our time, a beloved editor of *The Saturday Review*, Amy Loveman.

Agnes G. Sanborn.

Cambridge, Mass.

MAIN POINT?

In Carl Haverlin's reply to Oscar Hammerstein (*SR* Mar. 2) it seems to me that Mr. Haverlin fails even to mention the main point at issue—perhaps advisedly.

The networks and the 623 stations who own BMI are licensed to broadcast by us, the people, through the FCC. They use our air by our sufferance, but they are fixing for us to do the suffering. By owning or controlling music publishers and recording companies, and by favoring BMI music and telling radio and TV stations to "be careful" of music that is not BMI, they are abusing their licenses and creating an intolerable condition.

Since Mr. Haverlin is in the employ of BMI it was to be expected that he would omit mention of this central point; but it should certainly be mentioned by music listeners and voting citizens as loudly and frequently as possible.

Rex Stout.

Brewster, N. Y.

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CATCHWORD, *a guide to the first entry on the page*

ABBREVIATION

GEOGRAPHICAL ENTRY

SPOT MAP, *showing location in relation to other places*

SYLLABIFICATION, *indicated by centered dots*

PART-OF-SPEECH LABEL

PRONUNCIATION

FOREIGN PHRASE, *indicated by double dagger (‡)*

DERIVED FORM

ETYMOLOGY

USAGE LABELS *(see p. xiii)**

EXAMPLES *of the word in context*

USAGE NOTE

INFLECTED FORMS, *principal parts of the verb (see p. xii)**

SUFFIX *(see p. ix)**

NOTE ON SPELLING

VARIANT SPELLING *(see p. ix)**

INFLECTED FORMS, *comparative and superlative (see p. xii)**

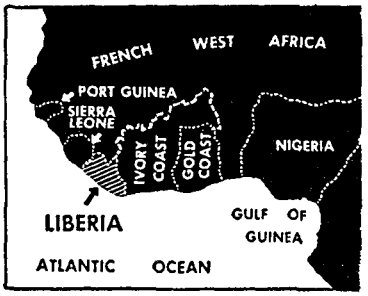
SYNONYMY *(see p. xiv)**

*refers to Introductory pages in *Webster's New World Dictionary*

lb.

lb., [L.], *libra*, pound; *librae*, pounds.

Li·ber·i·a (lī-bêr′i-ə), *n.* a country on the western coast c Africa, founded in 1847 by freed American Negro slaves; area, 43,000 sq. mi.; pop., 1,600,000 (est. 1947); capital, Monrovia: abbreviated **Lib.**



LIBERIA

Li·ber·i·an (lī-bêr′i-ən), *adj.* of Liberia, its people, or their culture. *n.* a native or inhabitant of Liberia.

lib·er·tar·i·an (lib′ər-târ′i-ən), *n.* [< *liberty* + *-arian*], 1. a person who believes in the doctrine of the freedor of the will. 2. a person who advocates full civil liberties *adj.* of or upholding either of these principles.

‡li·ber·té, é·ga·li·té, fra·ter·ni·té (lē′ber′tā′ ā′gà′lē′ tā′ frà′ter′nē′tā′), [Fr.], liberty, equality, fraternity the motto of the French Revolution of 1789.

lik·a·ble (lik′ə-b'l), *adj.* having qualities that inspir liking; worthy of being liked; attractive, pleasant genial, etc.: also spelled **likeable.**

like (līk), *adj.* [ME. *lik, lich* < AS. type **lic*, shortene < *gelic*, similar, equal, lit., of the same form or shape akin to G. *gleich* (OHG. *gīlīh*), AS. *lic*, body, forr (see LICH)], 1. having almost or exactly the sam qualities, characteristics, etc.; similar; equal: as, cup of sugar and a *like* amount of flour. 2. [Rare alike. 3. [Dial.], likely. *adv.* 1. in the manner c one that is: as, he works *like* mad. 2. [Colloq. likely: as, *like* as not, he is already there. *prej* 1. similar to; somewhat resembling: as, she is *like* bird. 2. in a manner characteristic of; similarly tc as, she sings *like* a bird. 3. in accord with the natur of; characteristic of: as, it was not *like* him to forge her birthday. 4. in the mood for; desirous of: as, feel *like* sleeping. 5. indicative or prophetic of: as, looks *like* a clear day tomorrow. *Like* was originall an adjective in senses 1, 3, 4, 5, and an adverb i sense 2, and is still considered so by conservativ grammarians. *conj.* [Colloq.], 1. as: as, it was jus *like* you said. 2. as if: as, it looks *like* he is signalin to us. *n.* a person or thing regarded as the equal c counterpart of another or of the person or thing bein discussed: as, I have never seen the *like* of it. *v.* [LIKED (likt), LIKING], [Obs.], to compare; liken. *v.* [Dial.], to come near (*to* doing something): in this us the verb is equal to the adverb *almost.*

and the like, and others of the same kind.

like anything (or **blazes, crazy, the devil, mad,** etc.) [Colloq. or Slang], with furious energy, speed, etc

nothing like, not at all like; completely different from

something like, almost like; about.

the like (or **likes**) **of,** [Colloq.], any person or thing like

like (līk), *v.i.* [LIKED (likt), LIKING], [ME. *liken;* AS *lician* (akin to G. *leikan*) < base of *lic*, body, forr (cf. LIKE, *adj.*); sense development: to be of like form be like—be suited to—be pleasing to], 1. [Obs.], t please; be agreeable to: with the dative, as, it *like* me not. 2. to be so inclined; choose: as, you may leav whenever you *like.* *v.t.* 1. to have a taste or fondnes for; be pleased with; have a preference for; enjoy 2. to wish: as, I should *like* to go there. *n. pl.* prefer ences, tastes, or affections: as, we know nothing c his *likes* and dislikes.

-like (līk), [AS. *-lic* < *gelic;* see LIKE, *adj.*, -LY], suffix added to nouns: 1. to form adjectives meanin *like, characteristic of, suitable for,* as in *doglike, manlik homelike.* 2. to form adverbs meaning *in the manner o* Words formed with *-like* are usually written as on word, but are hyphenated if three *l's* fall togethe (e.g., *ball-like*).

like·a·ble (līk′ə-b'l), *adj.* likable.

like·li·hood (lik′li-hood′), *n.* [ME. *liklihode;* see LIKEL & -HOOD], 1. probability. 2. something that is likel to happen; a probability.

like·ly (lik′li), *adj.* [LIKELIER (-li-ēr), LIKELIEST (-l ist)], [ME. *likly, likliche,* after AS. *geliclic* or cognat ON. *likligr;* see LIKE, *adj.* & -LY], 1. apparently tru to the facts; credible; probable: as, a *likely* accour of the brawl. 2. seeming as if it would happen or mak happen; reasonably to be expected; apparently destinec as, it is *likely* to leave at any minute. 3. such as wi probably be satisfactory or rewarding; suitable: as, *likely* place to find deer. 4. promising: as, a *like* lad. *adv.* probably: as, he will very *likely* go.

***SYN.*—likely** suggests probability or an eventuality that ca

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ACTUAL SIZE

[E PAGE]

CATCHWORD, *a guide to the last entry on the page*

reasonably be expected (he's not *likely* to win); **liable** and **apt** are loosely or informally used as equivalents of **likely**, but in strict discrimination, **liable** implies exposure or susceptibility to something undesirable (he's *liable* to be killed playing with firearms) and **apt** suggests a natural or habitual inclination or tendency (such people are always *apt* to become frightened); **prone** also suggests a propensity or predisposition to something that seems almost inevitable (he's *prone* to suspect others' motives). See also **probable**.—***ANT.*** unlikely, indisposed.

line·back·er (līn′bak′ər), ***n.*** in *football*, any of the players stationed directly behind the line in a defensive formation.

ANTONYMS

lis·some, lis·som (lis′əm), ***adj.*** [altered < *lithesome*], 1. supple; limber; flexible. 2. nimble; agile.

VARIANT SPELLINGS *(see p. ix)**

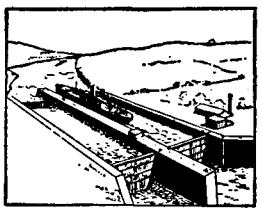
Loch·in·var (lok′in-vär′, lokh′in-vär′), ***n.*** the hero of a ballad in Scott's *Marmion*, who boldly rides off with his sweetheart just as she is about to be married to another.

VARIANT PRONUNCIATIONS *(see pp. x, xi)**

lo·ci (lō′sī), ***n.*** plural of **locus**.

IRREGULAR PLURAL

lock (lok), ***n.*** [ME. *lokke*; AS. *loc*, a bolt, bar, enclosure, prison; akin to G. *loch*, a hole, ON. *lok*, a lid; prob. IE. base **leug-*, to bend, seen also in AS. *lucan*, to close (cf. LEEK)], 1. a mechanical device furnished with a spring and bolt, for fastening a door, strongbox, etc. by means of a key or combination. 2. anything that fastens something else and prevents it from opening, turning, etc. 3. a locking together; jam. 4. an enclosed part of a canal, waterway, etc. equipped with gates so that the level of the water can be changed to raise or lower boats from one level to another. 5. the mechanism of a firearm used to explode the ammunition charge. 6. in *engineering*, an airtight room opening into a compartment where the air is under compression. 7. in *wrestling*, any of several holds: as, an arm *lock*. ***v.t.*** 1. to fasten (a door, trunk, etc.) by means of a lock. 2. to shut (*up*, *in*, or *out*); confine: as, he was *locked* in the closet. 3. to fit; link; intertwine: as, we *locked* arms. 4. to embrace tightly. 5. to jam together so as to make immovable: as, the gears are *locked*. 6. to equip (a canal, etc.) with a lock or locks. 7. to move or pass (a ship) through a lock. ***v.i.*** 1. to become locked. 2. to be capable of being locked. 3. to intertwine or interlock; link together. 4. to close tightly and firmly: as, his jaws *locked*. 5. to jam, as gears.



LOCK IN CANAL

ETYMOLOGY, *traced back to Indo-European base*

FIELD LABELS, *showing specialized senses*

IDIOMATIC USAGE

lock away, to store or safeguard in a locked box, container, etc.

lock out, 1. to shut out by or as by locking the door against. 2. to keep (workers) from a place of employment in an attempt to make them accept the employer's terms.

lock, stock, and barrel, [Colloq.], completely.

lock up, 1. to fasten the doors of (a house, etc.) by means of locks. 2. to enclose or store in a locked container. 3. to put in jail.

under lock and key, locked up; safely put away.

IDIOMATIC PHRASES

lock (lok), ***n.*** [ME. *lokke*; AS. *loc* (akin to G. *locke*); basic sense "a bend, twist"; IE. base as in prec. *lock*], 1. a curl of hair; ringlet; hence, 2. *pl.* [Poetic], the hair of the head. 3. a tuft of wool, cotton, etc.

Long·fel·low, Henry Wads·worth (wädz′wĕrth lôŋ′-fel′ō), 1807–1882; American poet.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENTRY

long green, [Slang], paper money.

COMPOUND ENTRY

long·hair (lôŋ′hâr′), ***adj.*** [Colloq.], designating or of intellectuals or intellectual tastes; specifically, playing or preferring classical music rather than jazz or popular tunes. ***n.*** [Colloq.], an intellectual; specifically, a longhair musician.

look-see (look′sē′), ***n.*** [Slang], a quick look; brief inspection.

USAGE LABELS *(see p. xiii)**

lynx (liŋks), ***n.*** [*pl.* LYNXES (-iz), LYNX; see PLURAL, II, D, 1], [ME.; L.; Gr. *lynx*], 1. any of a group of wildcats found throughout the northern hemisphere and characterized by a ruff on each side of the face, long legs, a short tail, long, tufted ears, and keen vision: the North American species are the *Canada lynx* and the *Bay lynx*, or *bobcat*. 2. the long, silky, tawny fur of the lynx, sometimes dyed black. 3. [L-], a northern constellation lying between Auriga and Ursa Major.

INFLECTED FORMS, *plurals*

LYNX (3 ft. long)

ILLUSTRATION, *size indicated*

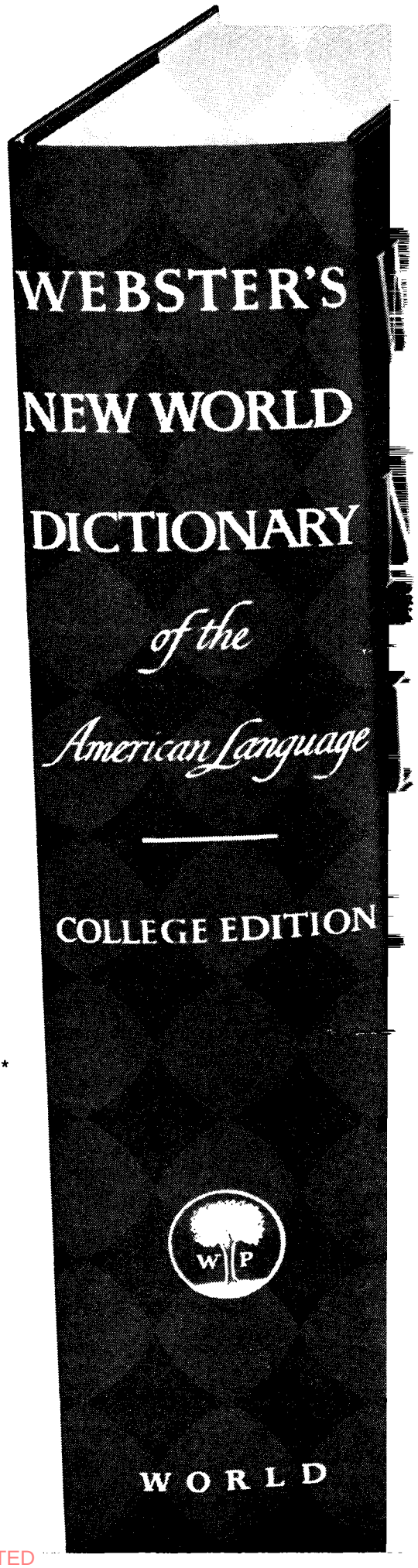
lynx-eyed (liŋks′īd′), ***adj.*** having very keen sight.

CAPITALIZATION *indicated (sense 3)*

HYPHENATED WORD

ŏl, look; oil, out; up, ūse, fûr; get; joy; yet; chin; she; thin, . o in *comply*, u in *focus*; ' as in *able* (ā′b'l); Fr. bal; ë, Fr. . doch. See pp. x–xii. ‡ foreign; * hypothetical; < derived from.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION



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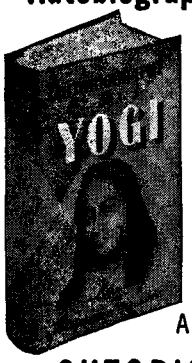

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

A Small Visit to a Big Hill

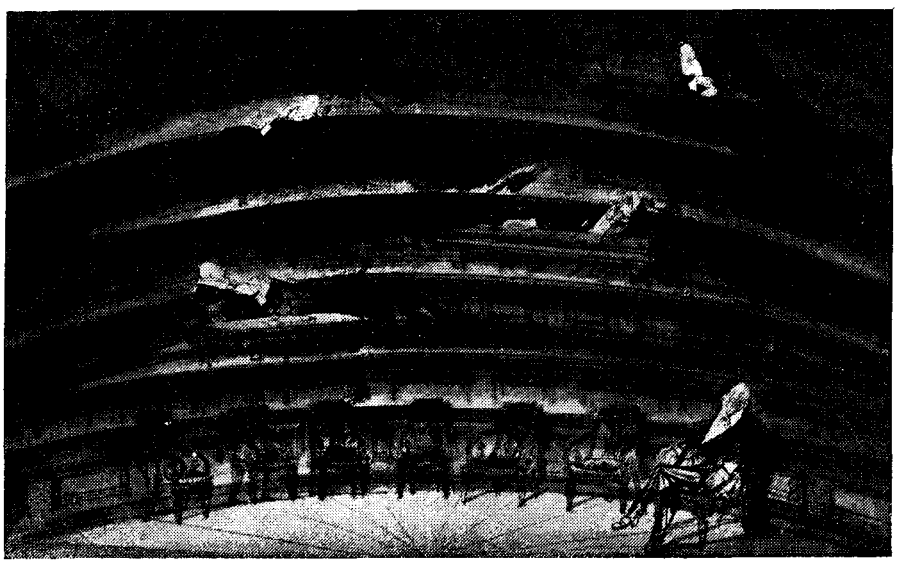
"Good as Gold" presents an excellent basic situation. A nice young botanist has discovered a way to change gold into miraculously fertile soil, so he goes to Washington to persuade the Government to turn their dormant gold reserve over to him for the more useful purpose of growing enough food to feed the world. His ensuing entanglements with the officers of government serve as a satiric exposure of Capitol Hill's childish nonsense and an indictment of the American public's fear and selfishness on which vote-needing statesmen find themselves obliged to play. Thus, to get the botanist his gold, a well-intentioned Congressman must sell the Agricultural Millennium as a trump card with which we can blackmail the rest of the world.

But in order to sell this truth to the public as entertainment, John Patrick, who adapted the play from Alfred Toombs's book, finds himself cracking diversionary and ineffectual jokes that do not arise from the play's dramatic situation. After the first revelation that the botanist's discovery is alchemy in reverse, the play's excitement consists of seeing how different people will receive the same news, and later how this news will be distorted by politicians. Practically none of the action meandered into by the playwright seems to proceed from a vital urgency. The play becomes all byplay.

"Good as Gold" almost gets away with it for the first act, thanks to Paul Ford's and Robert Emhardt's caricatures of two Congressmen and to Peter Larkin's ingenious scenery which says more than the play. After all, "A Visit to a Small Planet" succeeds with pretty much the same limitations. But Mr. Patrick fails by introducing an insipid and belated romance, by not allowing any of his characters to become an active driving force, and by neglecting to preserve a clear strong attitude towards his subject. When, at the end, someone comments sadly about our country, "We can't afford to be humble, we're too rich," he summarizes an attitude implied by the play at its best. But the playwright weakens his challenge by stating what he has not demonstrated: "Still this is one of the few places in the world where we can erase our mistakes instead of being erased for making them."

Mr. Ford is delightful as the veteran Congressman with a cliché for every occasion. He knows how to blow up a word like "shame" until it is completely filled with wind. And with what subtle relish he slips Biblical phrase into propaganda when he says, "There came unto me," in describing his commonplace meeting with the young botanist. Robert Emhardt's reactionary lawgiver catches the insidiousness of a malevolent and one-sided Congressional hearing. Roddy McDowall, Loretta Leversee, and Zero Mostel are understandably cowed by their material and director Albert Marre makes matters worse by allowing the pace to decelerate. A twenty-four foot carrot is a golden idea for a show, but Mr. Patrick alloys it down to a few stray carats.

—Henry Hewes.



Peter Larkin's drop of Congress in session—"says more than the play."

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Movie Psychiatrics

THERE is a young actor in Paramount's **"Fear Strikes Out"** who is going to be given one of those all out publicity build-ups within the immediate future. His name is Anthony Perkins. He was first seen in "The Friendly Persuasion" as the boy who couldn't maintain his pacifist convictions in the face of violence; he is in his early twenties; he is about as tall and gangling as Gary Cooper; he looks a little bit shy and mixed-up; and he has enough charm and boyishness, when his face is magnified on the screen, to loose a cascade of motherly feelings throughout the nation. More than that, he is a first-rate actor, and he is the main reason that "Fear Strikes Out," a story based quite solidly on the career of Jim Piersall, outfielder for the Boston Red Sox, is as moving and dignified as it is. For there is great conviction in the Perkins performance, and also an extraordinary amount of acting know-how for one so young. There may be something in this heredity business, for he is the son of the late and well-known actor, Osgood Perkins.

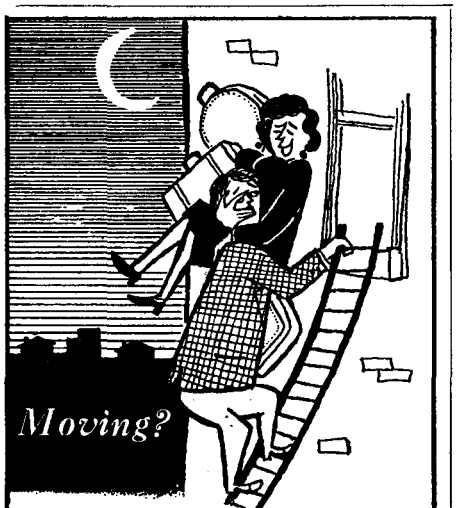
"Fear Strikes Out" is hardly the usual baseball picture. There is not an ounce of comedy and, when it comes right down to it, not much baseball either. What it is mainly is the story of a boy with natural athletic ability who is pushed and goaded by his father into becoming a big-league property, and who finally cracks up. Jim Piersall, as anyone who follows the sports pages must know, indulged a few years back in some curious high jinks and temperamental outbursts on the diamond, and required some very serious straightening out in a sanitarium before he was able to get back to his business. I wouldn't have thought this more-or-less sensational type of psychiatric case history would have made so touching and effective a movie, but perhaps it is the absence of hokum which makes it so.

Karl Malden, an excellent actor too, plays the father who spurs the son on as a sort of compensatory mechanism, and saves himself from becoming a near villain by bringing a pathetic quality to the role. The mother's instability as a contributing factor is suggested by Perry Wilson, rather than shown explicitly, and Norma Moore is most appealing as young Piersall's wife. The baseball stuff is adequately done, there are some interesting scenes in Fenway Park, and some quite convincing dramatic moments in the sanitarium. It was my feeling that the psychiatric material was somewhat oversimplified, as I suppose it inevitably had to be. The father's monomania is made to seem the entire cause of the boy's breakdown, and his cure dependent on a realization of his father's deep-rooted frustrations. However, it is the range of the Perkins performance which gives the movie its strength, and young Mr. Perkins has himself a field day. This movie is highly recommended.

* * *

"Oh Men, Oh Women" is more psychiatry, couch variety, this time played for laughs by David Niven, Ginger Rogers, Dan Dailey, Barbara Rush, and Tony Randall. I laughed only at Tony Randall. The others almost made me cry.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.



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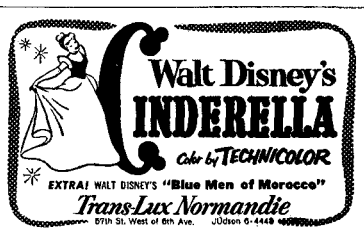

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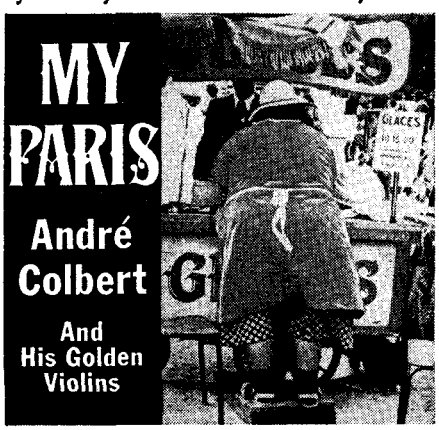

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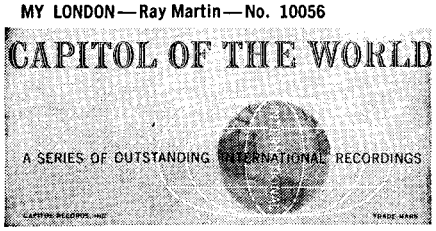

TV AND RADIO

Blue Velvet Behind the Iron Curtain

DANIEL L. SCHORR (CBS) and Irving R. Levine (NBC), the only two American radio correspondents broadcasting regularly from Moscow, will be sorely disappointed if the new Cold War freeze should cause the Soviet Union to cancel its International Youth Festival scheduled for June 1957. The two network reporters are worried that Radio Moscow will stop work on the new broadcasting studio which it is building for the event. Since August 1955, when direct radio communication was re-established between the U.S. and the USSR, Levine and Schorr have been broadcasting their regular radio reports to NBC and CBS from a telephone booth in Moscow's Central Telegraph Office.

The NBC correspondent reached Moscow first and started broadcasting from a studio in Radio Moscow. The CBS reporter arrived shortly afterwards and was assigned to the telephone booth. He promptly squawked to the Russian authorities for "equal facilities" and the response was immediate and impartial. They told NBC's Levine that he would henceforth have to share the telephone booth with CBS's Schorr. The two radio reporters pooled their capitalistic private enterprise and consulted their networks' engineers in New York about improving their "studio's" acoustics. They were told to drape the interior of their telephone booth with blue velvet curtains. The results are still far from satisfactory. Next time you listen to a newscast from Moscow on your radio, pay special attention to the strange background noises. You may be hearing—not transoceanic static—but a Chinese newspaper correspondent cabling in the phone booth adjoining America's blue-velvet outpost behind the Iron Curtain.

Our correspondents never have been told directly that their broadcasts are subject to censorship, but each piece of copy must be submitted in advance to Glavlit, the Soviet Literary Bureau, presumably to improve the correspondent's "style." The correspondents never see the censors who are on duty; they do not know whether they are men or women. Both Schorr and Levine realized early in Moscow that it would be impossible to try to get honest news through while worrying about how to shape their copy. They decided to write the news as they see it and leave the rest to the censor. Radio copy is censored every day; the correspondents often scrap dispatches when the censorship changes the meaning. The reporters are permitted to criticize Russian housing, shortages, high prices, and Soviet policy, but they are not permitted to criticize the Russian leaders. The NBC and CBS newsmen in Moscow each have their favorite censorship stories, but the following one, told by Levine, illustrates how the reporters manage to get a fast one across occasionally. The NBC correspondent submitted a radio dispatch to the Russian censor reporting a gala party at the Kremlin in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the Russian revolution. "Outside the Kremlin," Levine wrote, "fireworks lit up the sky over Moscow last night, and inside the Russian leaders were also lit up." The censor passed it and listeners must have chuckled when they heard it on NBC's "World News Roundup."

QUESTIONS about Russia come mostly from U.S. schoolchildren under assignment, Levine reports. The deepest concern of Schorr as well as of Levine is that they may be listened to out of context. It is impossible, they point out, in a sixty-second report to preface each piece of news or information favorable to the Soviet Union with a philosophical denunciation of Communism. It is equally impossible each time to set a negative report in a broad, positive framework. They would like their listeners to appreciate the fact that they are reporting a big, complex story in fragments, and that on the basis of a single dispatch they should no more be suspected of having "gone over" to the Russians than of being unfairly biased against them. They merit this consideration. Their working-hours in Moscow are long. They can get no fresh fruit or vegetables in winter and they cannot even drink pasteurized milk freely. Since the government's return to Stalinism the Russian people have been warned away once more from social contacts with the Americans. Schorr and Levine are unmarried, but it's hardly the same as being stationed in Paris—Russian women subsist mostly on potatoes and starch. But don't get these reporters wrong. Moscow is a beat for any radio correspondent. The two newsmen are glad to have it under their respective CBS and NBC belts. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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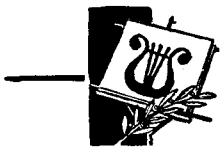

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Three-Star "Gioconda," Youthful "Emperor"

PATRONS of the arts who may have wondered if there is anything of the past to which they can cling in a changing world will be glad to know that, in the present revival of "Gioconda" at the Metropolitan Opera, half the chorus sways from right to left, the others from left to right, at a certain point in Act II. This triumphantly executed maneuver proved, even more than the singing in the leading roles of Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren, that some things we treasured in childhood are still revered in high places.

It is of course possible that merely intoning the words "Ho! He! Ho!" involuntarily causes half the chorus to sway one way, half the other (nowadays it looks somewhat like a TV picture not quite synchronized), but no matter. When Richard Tucker can sing as ravishingly as he did, with a heady, pinpointed quality that is his particular vocal fingerprint and a command of legato few singers of the day can equal, when Warren can bull his way through "O! Monumento" like any *paesano*, and Milanov can flutter an eyelid and drop an octave from B flat to B flat as softly as a petal falling on a quilt, then Ponchiello's in his "Cielo e mar" and all's right with the operatic world. There were moments when no holds were barred and it was everybody for himself (to the applause of a claque-happy mob of standees), but these are veterans of the operatic ring, capable of protecting themselves in the vocal in-fighting. Fausto Cleva, as conductorial referee, took care that all low blows were cleanly landed.

If such others as Belen Amparan (La Cieca), Nell Rankin (Laura), and Giorgio Tozzi (Alvise) were somewhat outpointed from time to time, this was a useful indoctrination to the performing passions engendered by such as opera. It is idle to pretend that stage manners appropriate to "Otello" (not to say "Figaro") are of much use in "Gioconda." Tucker, for example, wouldn't have sounded a bit different without the final step to the footlights and the air-clenching fist of the right hand waved at the audience at the climax of "Cielo e mar"—but it convinced his listeners he was Giving All. It worked. It always did. It always will.

Though "Gioconda" is built to accommodate six stars, there were plainly, in this arrangement, three majors and three minors. Miss Amparan did her most ample singing of her first season in "Voce di donna" while Miss Rankin showed much more poise (also a better focused voice) in this return engagement than she had a few years ago. Tozzi, of course, is a stalwart artist who as yet lacks the personal projection of a Pinza—to a lesser degree, of a Siepi—to get ultimate service from his gratifying sound.

For no reason I can imagine, the program failed to identify the source of the "production" which dates to 1924 (Rovescalli and Rota of Milan have doubtless forgotten its existence), and is thus the senior of all such properties still in use. Considering the wear-and-tear of over 100 performances plus the kind of scene-chewing that goes on in this opera, one's estimate of Italian workmanship must be enhanced.

The third performance of "La Traviata" in its new finery provided the first opportunity for Robert Merrill to sing his version of the elder Germont (which has abruptly aged two of our fine American baritones otherwise in the prime of life). Merrill's identification with this role goes back to his Metropolitan debut a dozen years ago. How often he has sung it since only he could tell, but it could rarely have had more beauty of sound, roundness of phrase, or honest endeavor to make the text as meaningful as the melodic line. He tends to overblow, as the wind players say, in some solo moments, but he made a beautiful blend with Renata Tebaldi all through the second act.

Noticeable, too, was a firmer directorial outline from Cleva's position of authority, which made for an agreeable improvement in several directions—agreement on both sides of the footlights for the interchanges of the second act that had bogged badly before, and agreement, therefore, with the needs of the dramatic situation. It seemed clear, too, that Miss Tebaldi was pushing less in the quieter moments of the role, with a gratifying reserve for the climaxes. "Ah fors e lui" was spun out with a lighter sound than before, but the "liberty" of "Sempra libera" is more in the words than in Miss Tebaldi's delivery of them. Altogether this was a more settled "Traviata" than before, with the Oliver Smith settings, the Rolf Gerard costumes, and the movement of Tyrone Guthrie's staging relished by the large audience.

The broadcast matinee of "Magic Flute" unfortunately found Bruno Walter unable to conduct (he is resting in a hospital to relieve heart strain) with an opportunity thereby for Tibor Kozma. Such replacement necessarily requires loyal service to the conception outlined in previous performances, which Kozma provided. At the same time, he showed himself in useful command of a clear manual language for communicating with pit and stage personnel, and a thorough knowledge of Mozart's tightly written score. It was all to his credit.

ONE of Dimitri Mitropoulos's more successful concerts of his Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra season was marked by his performance of the Bach Suite No. 3 (of which the "air" had more breathing room than customary), a new "Dramatic Overture" by Gunther Schuller, and Eugene Istomin's playing of the Beethoven "Emperor" concerto. The youth elements were noteworthy both for aspiration and accomplishment—a fact of special note in the case of Schuller, whose overture uses a twelve-tone row, but is not used by it. How he manages such a propulsive, consecutive work utilizing a musical technique often resulting in the negation of these qualities is, so far, his secret. The piece tends to disintegrate a little after its middle (slow) section, but it has a fine individual sound and every evidence of a real compositional personality in Schuller. The Mitropoulos performance was much to its advantage.

Istomin's effort was also on a high level, though the rarefied atmosphere of the "Emperor"—like Mt. Everest—is not conducive to success through physical exertion alone. Istomin's ascent was well-planned, but not always with sufficient guile, the consequence being that he is still a distance from scaling this particular pianistic peak. Oddly enough, his lapses—to this ear—came less from incomplete musical understanding than insufficient subtlety in manipulation of the instrument. The numerous staccato notes in the score were interpreted more or less alike (though in a context marked *dolce* something special is indicated), the tone production for a forte much the same as for fortissimo. Thus, the outlines tended to blur, the niceties of expression dulled. This is, however, a sizable pianist with a sizable sense of such a work—the refinement, when it comes, will improve a conception already valid.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN?

New Reference Books for the Home

By JULIA RUTH ARMSTRONG,
Librarian, Donnell Reference Center, The New York Public Library.

LONG AGO the writer of Ecclesiastes wrote, "Of making many books there is no end." Each year hundreds come from the presses. Many of them we read, enjoy, and then put aside. Others we want to keep for the pleasure of rereading. Still fewer we buy for that special book shelf at home where we turn again and again to verify some fact, to clear up some confusion, or just to satisfy our curiosity. What we buy for this shelf depends a great deal on our own enthusiasms, our own hobbies, and our own need to "get the facts." In the past year there have been a number of these titles which meet one or several of these specifications. Perhaps you'll find among them the book you would like to own.

THE FAMILY: A new bride or anyone responsible for the well-being of a household would find **"Good Housekeeping's Guide to Successful Homemaking"** (Harper, $5.95) a compendium of valuable information. It begins with suggestions for decorating the house or apartment, with sensible tips on expenditures, proceeds to efficient cleaning and planning for upkeep, ideas for stocking the kitchen shelves, the serving of food, care of linens and clothing, simple repairs and safety in the home, with a final chapter on how good management can mean more leisure time. Many illustrations and a good index add to the book's usefulness. Another family reference book has been written by a trio of experts, Arnold Gesell, Frances L. Ilg, and Louise Bates Ames. For years Dr. Gesell's "The Child from Five to Ten" has been the standard of reference for parents. Now he, with his colleagues, has charted the development of the teen-ager in **"Youth, the Years from Ten to Sixteen"** (Harper, $5.95). The characteristics of different age groups are clearly explained for the enlightenment of the parent bewildered by the changeableness of his growing child.

No reference book is a substitute for a doctor but occasionally it is satisfying to look up an unfamiliar term used for a disease, a new medicine or drug, or a condition of the body. Such a need is met by **"The Popular Medical Encyclopedia,"** by Morris Fishbein (Doubleday, $4.95). This is definitely a book for the layman with easily understood descriptions, a few diagrams, and many references. It has a sensible approach so that no harm will come from its use.

THE GARDEN: While we are considering the practical books, we must not omit a new edition of a title which will appeal to every gardener who spends the month of March poring over seed catalogues and diagrams for gardens. All gardeners, whether they are concerned with pocket-handkerchief-size ones or lordly acres, are plagued with bugs and insects. **"The Gardener's Bug Book,"** by Cynthia Westcott (Doubleday, $7.50) is the ideal reference book for them. A description of the annoying pest and some of its habits is followed by definite instructions for getting rid of it. Over a thousand enemies of plants, shrubs, and trees are included as well as a list of garden chemicals and an excellent chapter on the art of spraying and dusting.

A very special work for the flower lover as distinct from the gardener is **"Flowers and Their Histories,"** by Alice M. Coats (Pitman, $7.95). You won't learn how to grow flowers, but you will learn that the violet was a favorite of Napoleon and became a symbol and password for his followers; that the iris is one of the oldest plants, brought to Egypt from Syria nearly 3500 years ago; and that Louis VII of France adopted it as his blazon during the Crusades, which is the reason it became the fleur-de-luce or the fleur-de-lis. This work is not all-inclusive since its author has limited herself to border flowers and some herbs with a strong emphasis on flowers of the British Isles.

One more title is available for the nature lover. It is Boughton Cobb's **"Field Guide to the Ferns"** (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.75), a compact little book easily slipped into a pocket when you set out for a walk. It has excellent drawings and clear descriptions to make identification easy. It concentrates on plants of northeastern and central North America.

THE LIBRARY: The past year has seen the publication of several excellent literary reference books. One or more will appeal to readers for whom this field holds a special interest. Over a period of some twenty years Van Wyck Brooks produced a notable series of books covering the literary history of America. Now Dr. Otto L. Bettmann has abridged those volumes and assembled a group of pictures so as to convey the story pictorially as well. The result is an engrossing book well suited to the reader of today who almost requires a picture to entice him to read. This volume will never replace the original substantial histories but it does provide a satisfactory outline of American literature. Its title is **"Our Literary Heritage: A Pictorial History of the Writer in America"** (Dutton, $8.50). For the person who wants an authoritative and fairly complete dictionary of American literature there is no better reference book to have within easy reach than **"The Oxford Companion to American Literature,"** by James D. Hart (3rd edition; Oxford University Press, $10). Authors, characters, titles, place-names associated with literary works, pseudonyms—all these are to be found in an alphabetical arrangement with many cross references. A chronological index with a parallel arrangement of events in literary and social history help to show the relationship between actual events in history and the literary output of the period.

Not long ago I was asked to suggest a book that could be purchased for a student that would tell him about the poets of the romantic era in English literature and their place in the stream of literary history. Luckily there has been a new edition by Fred B. Millett of the incomparable **"History of English Literature,"** by William Vaughn Moody and Robert Morss Lovett (Scribners, $3). To own such a

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book makes it possible to "place" anyone in English literature from the heroic age of Beowulf, the age of chivalry, the period of the great Elizabethans, the Victorian era and on down to Shaw, Maugham, and Eliot. Its excellent bibliographies point the way to further explorations when one wishes to carry on a wider study of any literary figure or age. **"The New Century Handbook of English Literature,"** edited by Clarence L. Barnhart with the assistance of William D. Halsey (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $12) is a one volume encyclopedia devoted to authors who have written in English in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, South Africa, and Australia with a few Anglo-American writers included. Many names from classical and Biblical literature and historical events frequently referred to in literature are explained. Pronunciation is usually given, an advantage when the allusion is an unfamiliar one. One could wish that American writers (in addition to the Anglo-Americans) had been included but none the less this is a most satisfactory handbook.

No home reference shelf is complete without a book of quotations. How many times we need to identify a phrase or get its exact wording before we use it! When that need arises happy is he who owns **"The Home Book of Quotations,"** by Burton Stevenson (8th edition; Dodd, Mead, $20). It is easy to use, for the quotations are grouped by subject with subdivisions for easier selection or an appropriate "quote" and the source is always given. A very detailed index and concordance of nearly 400 pages

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A COMPLETE GUIDE TO GARDENING. *By Montague Free. Perma Book.* 50¢. Almost everything that worries a gardener, from ways to fight the beetles to ways to prune shrubs are discussed in this illustrated and revised edition by the former horticulturalist at the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens.

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"Dictionary of Spanish Literature," by Maxim Newmark (Philosophical Library, $7.50) includes Spanish-American as well as Spanish literature. The treatment is very concise since it is a dictionary rather than an encyclopedia; but because it does include literary terms, many plays, novels, poems, and biographical sketches it should prove very useful.

THE OFFICE: No single reference book for secretaries has ever been so useful as **"Standard Handbook for Secretaries,"** by Lois Irene Hutchinson (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), which recently appeared in its seventh edition. Grammar, word usage, pronunciation, punctuation, preparation of letters, copy for the press are only a few of the subjects treated with clarity and conciseness. Where else could you find how to indicate on an American typewriter the symbol for the British pound? Not only secretaries but also employers can use this to great advantage.

THE WORLD AND THE PAST: For those who are in the Croesus class a real buy of the year will be Volume Four of **"The Times Atlas of the World"** (Houghton, Mifflin, $25). This covers Southern Europe and Africa. It is the second of this notable series to appear. (Volume Three, "Northern Europe," came out in 1955.) The plates are excellent, each map has several colors, the print is clear, and the list of place-names impressive. The maps have been done by the famous firm of John Bartholomew & Son of Edinburgh. When the series is complete there will be five volumes in all. In earlier years this would have been a "must" for the wide table of a gentleman's library.

Indispensable for settling an argument and fascinating for the browser is **"The Guinness Book of Superlatives"** (Superlatives, Inc., $2.95). This extraordinary book will tell you the tallest, the shortest, the fastest, the oldest, the hardest, the most valuable, the most powerful anything! It answers a variety of questions about human beings, the world in all its aspects, the achievements and records of mankind. Who holds the international equestrian high jump record? What is the purest metal in the world? Where is the deepest lake? Who are the largest publishers? What country has the smallest army? In any family with curious youngsters this bids fair to be the most thumbed book of the year.

History is one of the fields in which new reference books are always needed. **"When Did it Happen?"** by Stanford M. Mirkin (Washburn, $4.95) is a new dictionary of dates. Arranged according to the days of the calendar, it provides chatty and anecdotal accounts of special events associated with each day. With its index it should supplement some of the older books of chronologies which must always be brought up to date. Somewhat similar although different in arrangement and scope is **"Encyclopedia of American Facts and Dates,"** by Gorton Carruth and associates (Crowell, $6.95). In this the most interesting events from the American past are arranged chronologically by years in parallel columns. Politics and war, vital statistics, the arts, science and industry, sports, fashions, society provide the substance of the book.

Latin American history has been covered in **"An Encyclopedia of Latin-American History,"** by Michael Rheta Martin and Gabriel H. Lovett (Abelard-Schuman, $6). It will be of great value to students and others who have a special interest in the field. The articles are short and include historical events, biographical sketches, and the names of agricultural and mineral products. Spanish and Portuguese words which have special significance in Latin America are also included.

In biography a new edition of an older work appeared. Although it is a single volume, **"Chambers's Biographical Dictionary: The Great of All Nations and All Times"** (Macmillan, $6.95) contains over 10,000 names—"all the little Somebodies and many of the great Nobodies" as the editors remark in the preface. Brief but surprisingly interesting and informative articles make this ideal for home use.

PAINTING: For the art lover there is a new **"Dictionary of Modern Painting,"** published under the direction of Fernand Hazan (Paris Book Center, $6.50). Here modern painting is defined as beginning with the Impressionists and including painters who were important before World War II. The articles are really short essays, readable and authoritative, which present a clear account of the principal art movements, the painters who have been identified with those movements, the famous art shows and studios and schools. Many illustrations, some in color, help to explain and interpret the artists of the period.

For those of you who sometimes feel inclined to overspend the allotted book budget there is a fine excuse to be found in John Lyly's "Euphues"—"Far more seemly were it for thee to have thy study full of books than thy purse full of money."

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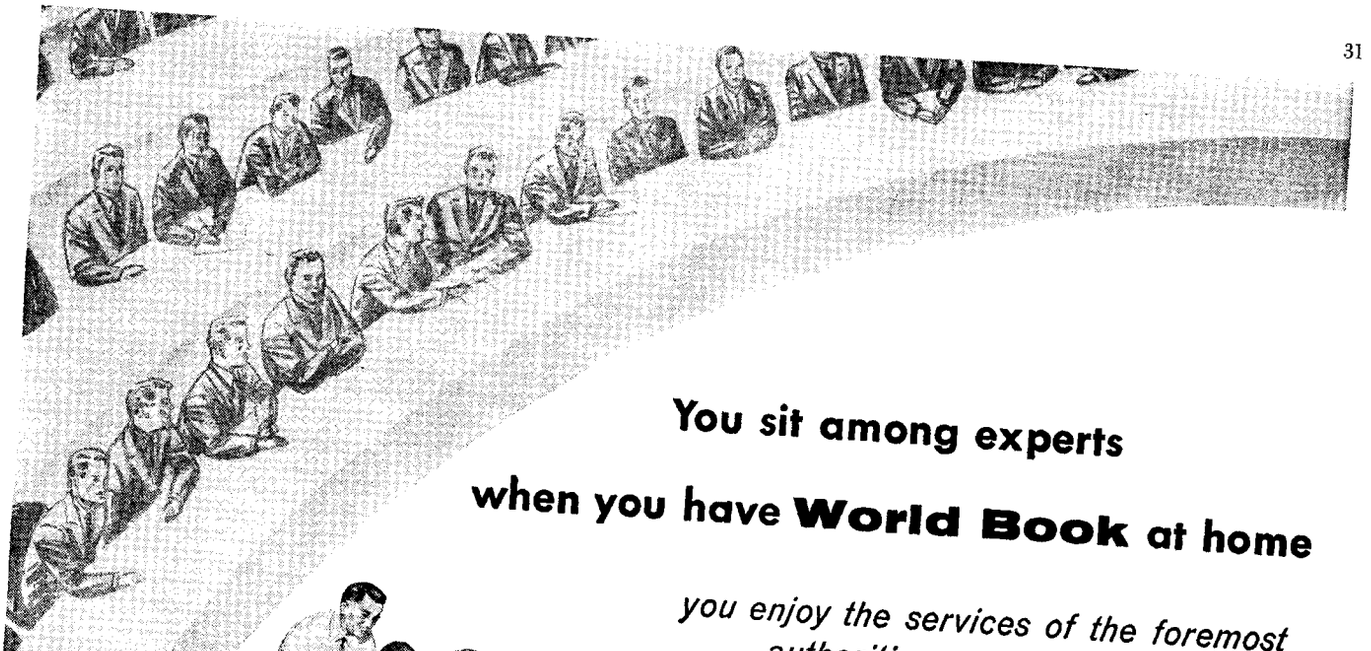

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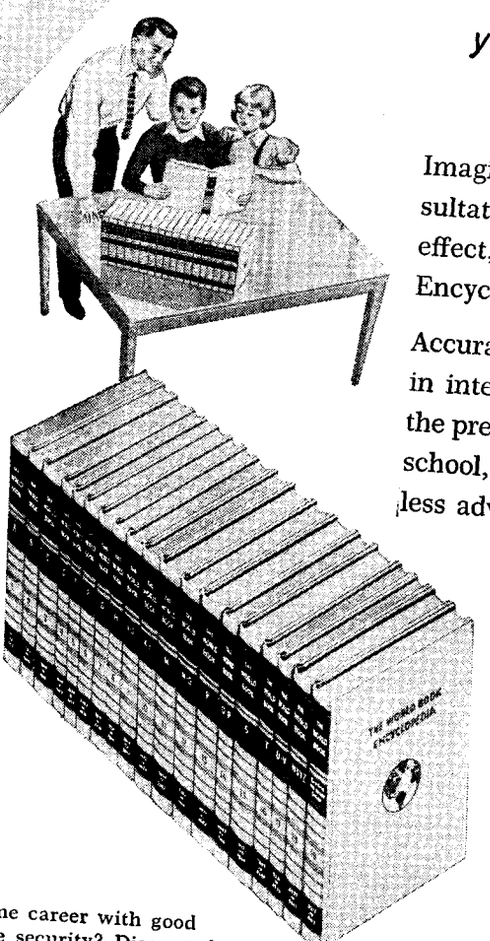

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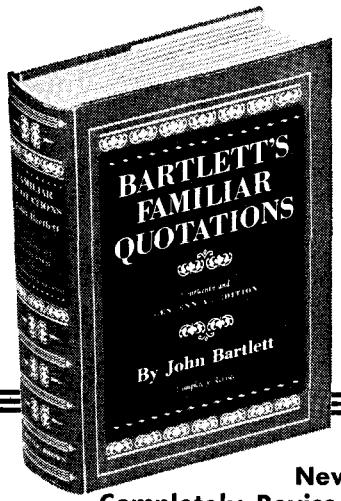

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Open Letter to John Bartlett

—Bettmann.

By DOW RICHARDSON

DEAR John Bartlett,

I have just finished reading through to the very end the Centennial Edition of your volume of "Familiar Quotations." I am happy to report that the edition does fairly well by many of my favorites among the picturesque sayings of contemporary statesmen, military heroes, etc.

I was particularly grateful, for instance, to see the memorable words, *Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition,* credited to Lieut. Commdr. Howell M. Forgy. It was good to see Donald Francis Mason's *Sighted sub; sank same,* and other phrases correctly recorded. There were some omissions, however, which I would like to commend to your successors for the next edition of your indispensable repository.

In times like these, the expressions of the American Secretary of State take on a special significance, partly because the United States plays so vast and vital a role in the world's destiny and partly because the last two Secretaries have had a talent for phrasemaking. I do not find Mr. Acheson or Mr. Dulles quoted in your latest edition, Mr. Bartlett, although some of their phrases surely will qualify as historic, or at least familiar; some could very well be preserved as chapter headings in United States history texts.

To preserve these phrases in the accurate form that such a work as yours requires, we need of course to have the circumstances impartially stated, the date and place recorded, and the quotes themselves flawlessly reproduced. It was in a speech to the NATO foreign ministers at Paris in December 1953 that Dulles first used the term *agonizing reappraisal.* The United States was growing impatient over the slowness with which the French General Assembly was moving to approve the European army, and Dulles warned that unless the assembly acted favorably within a few months, an *agonizing reappraisal* would have to be made of American basic policy in Europe. The expression later fell into general use, so that it was adapted to characterize other painful reassessments such as a politician's new look at a changed situation, a business executive's analysis of a needed office reorganization, and so on.

The term *massive retaliation* was used by Secretary Dulles in reviewing foreign policy on January 12, 1954. Addressing the Council of Foreign Relations in New York City, Mr. Dulles said: "Local defense will always be important. But there is no local defense which alone will contain the mighty land power of the Communist world. Local defenses must be reinforced by the further deterrent of massive retaliatory power." He said further: "The basic decision [of the Eisenhower Administration] was to depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our own choosing." So the expressions *instant retaliation* and *massive retaliation* are both associated with Dulles and with a particular interlude in our history.

IT WILL be recalled that the phrases *the necessary art* and the *brink of war* appeared in *Life* magazine for January 16, 1956. They were references to diplomatic maneuvering to avoid war. As quoted by a *Life* writer, Dulles said: "You have to take chances for peace, just as you must take chances in war. Some say that we were brought to the verge of war. Of course we were brought to the verge of war. The ability to get to the verge without getting into the war is the necessary art." The entire quotation has to be read to understand what Dulles meant. The Secretary's critics charged that he was skipping about blithely and dangerously on the brink of war, but a study of the whole statement shows that he was talking about being

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brought to the edge of disaster by the policies of the Communist bloc.

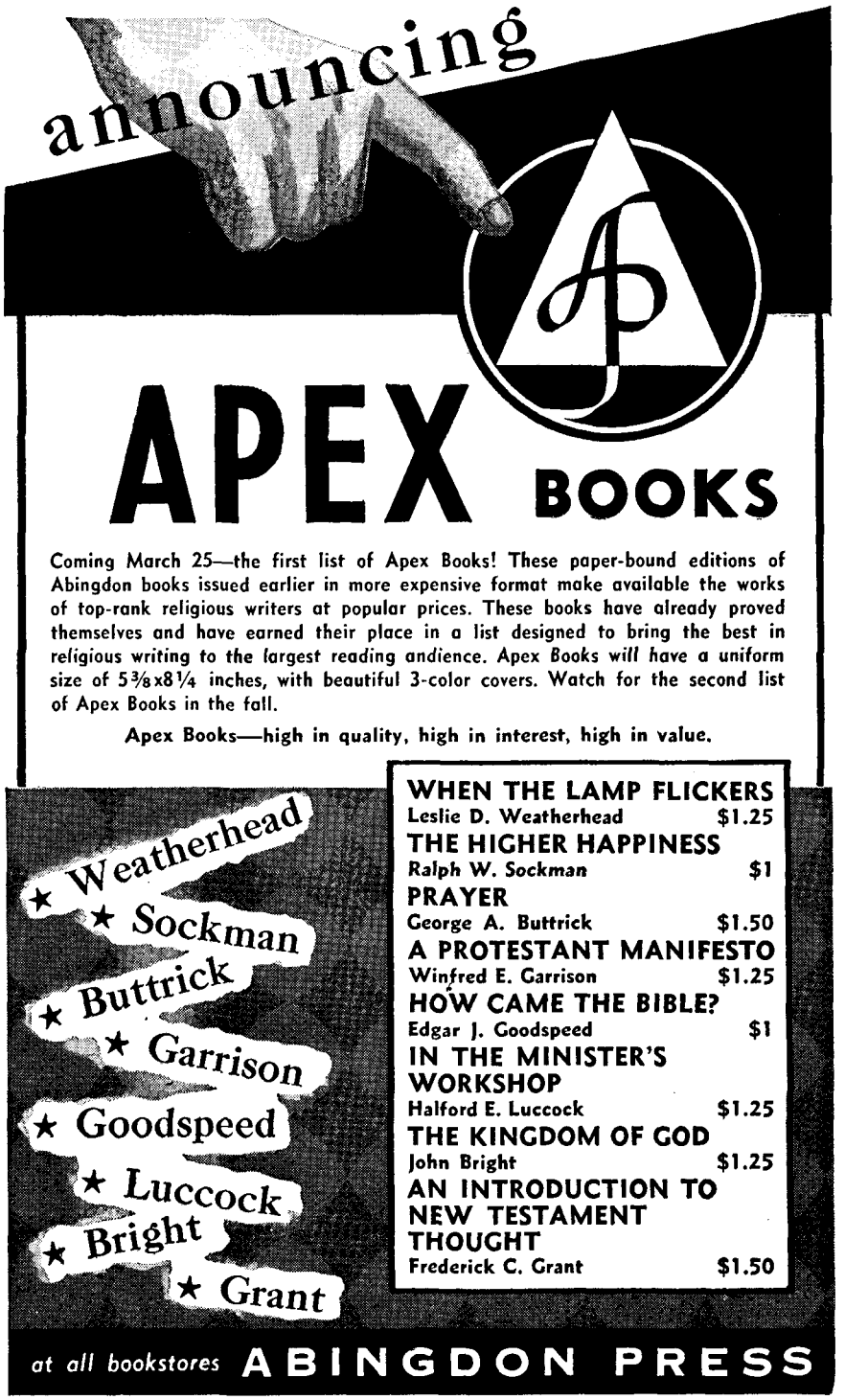
Mr. Acheson's tenure of the foreign ministry was marked by the interpretation of American strategy in such terms as *situations of strength, a policy of containment,* and *total diplomacy.* Probably he will be most associated with the word *containment,* although he did not originate the term. George F. Kennan, then chief of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, was its author, and he presented it in an article in *Foreign Affairs* for July 1947, an article which he signed as "Mr. X." Kennan wrote: "It will be clearly seen that the Soviet pressure . . . is something that can be contained by the adroit and vigilant application of counter-force."

MR. ACHESON first struck off the watchword *total diplomacy* in a speech at the University of California in 1950. It was a term, he said, for our shield against Soviet expansion. *Situations of strength* was a phrase he used before the Advertising Council of America to characterize the buttressing of allies in various parts of the world as levees against the Communist flood.

Acheson will be remembered, ironically, for a statement which did much to tarnish his reputation and one which must qualify as a familiar quotation. This was his *I do not intend to turn my back on Alger Hiss.* He spoke it at a press conference in February 1950, in response to a reporter's question for a comment on the conviction of Hiss. Acheson was much maligned for this statement, but bore the upbraiding with dignity, and the evidence seems to be that instead of meaning to condone what Hiss had done the Secretary's intention was to show that he would not kick a man who was down. In this expression we come nearer to having a quotation that may endure and thus become a more plausible nomination for your invaluable volume than the other phrases attributed to Acheson cited earlier.

There are a couple of sayings which probably will always be associated with Charles E. Wilson, Secretary of Defense in the Eisenhower Administration, despite the fact that they were distorted from their real meaning.

One of them was the *kennel-fed dogs* reference which drew fire from labor union leaders, and the other was the celebrated remark about the nation's welfare being analogous to that of General Motors. During the 1954 election campaign Mr. Wilson was urging that people laid off their jobs not take a discouraged and shiftless attitude, but try to find other work. Referring to unemployed workers who do not make an effort to get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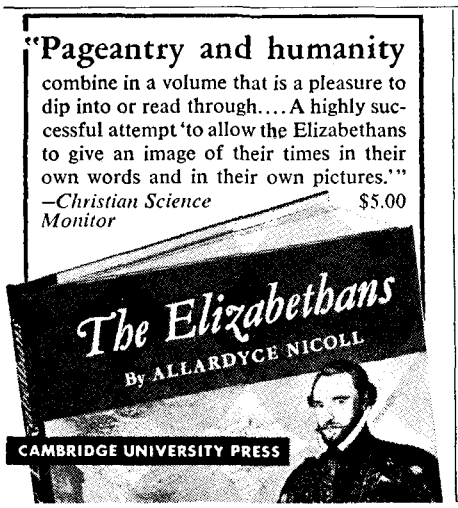
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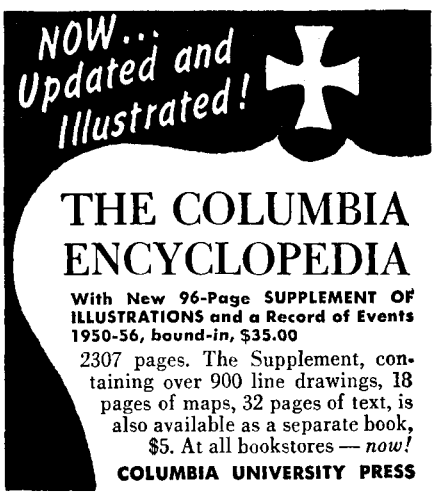
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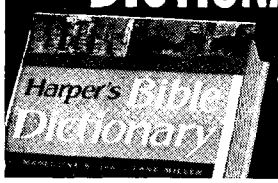

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other jobs, he said: "I have always liked bird dogs better than kennel-fed dogs myself." Labor leaders claimed it was a callous affront to the unemployed in general.

Early in his term as Defense Secretary, Mr. Wilson made his famous observation about the country and the company he had worked for, and what he said was reported by his critics as: *What's good for General Motors is good for the country.* But what he actually said was: "For years I thought that what was good for our country was good for General Motors, and vice versa." The correct quotation had a different meaning from the way the critics put it.

I was surprised not to find *the cold war* in your book, Mr. Bartlett. Walter Lippmann did much to popularize it, but it was Herbert Bayard Swope's brainchild and now it is the universal expression for the titanic rivalry between two ways of life. Mr. Swope inserted it in a draft of a speech Bernard Baruch was to give in April 1946 at the UN on the subject of the Atomic Energy Commission. Some of his colleagues suggested that the phrase was a little abrupt, since America was seeking friendship, so Swope deleted it from the speech with Baruch's permission.

"I felt the phrase was thoroughly descriptive of world conditions, so I suggested to Mr. Baruch that he use it in another speech we were working on," says Swope. Baruch used it for the first time in a speech he made before the South Carolina Legislature in 1947.

ANOTHER famous statement—infamous on first appearance—was attributed to the Japanese sea lord, Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto. He was credited with having boasted *"I am looking forward to dictating the terms of peace to the United States in the White House."*

But Admiral Chester Nimitz, former Chief of Naval Operations, revealed that Yamamoto's words had been distorted so as to completely change their significance. Japanese documents, said Nimitz, prove that the Japanese admiral was trying to warn his people that in any war on the United States "to make victory certain we will have to march into Washington and dictate the terms of peace in the White House." It was not a boast; it was only recognition of a problem.

As you well know, Mr. Bartlett, there are supposed quotations to beware of and authentic ones that deserve a place in your revered annals. I trust that your editors will consider the true ones sympathetically.

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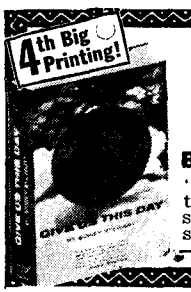

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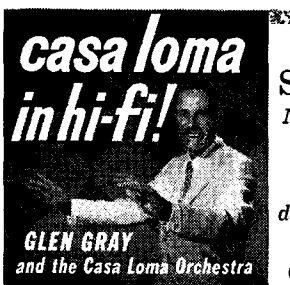

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Fiction

Continued from page 14

vocative myth, is electric with suspense.

Among the best of the shorter pieces are several stories of life in or around Brigham's Crossing, a small Iowa town within sight of the Mississippi River. "Chip Canary" effectively recreates a young boy's fascinated fear of a local eccentric. "River Stay 'Way from My Door," with its vivid contrast between humor and the looming specter of death in the river, should find its place in any storehouse of Mississippi tales. And "A Place for Lovers in the Summertime," my own favorite, is first-rate in every way: around a routine dredging operation and the varied reactions of the inhabitants of a bleak river town to the dredger's crew, Mr. Kentfield has produced a story which is at once illuminating and entertaining.

The remaining stories are grouped under the heading "Mortality" and include a long-winded sequence involving a young American's efforts to get from Sicily to London for a jolly good Christmas Eve, a static conversation piece about death, and two stories of life aboard merchant vessels. The magical quality of the best of the Iowa stories is largely absent here; these pieces seem arty, labored, and frequently derivative. Mr. Kentfield seemingly knows the ins and outs of life aboard a tanker or a freighter; *aficionados* of the literature of the merchant marine may find these more rewarding than this reviewer did.

PORTRAIT OF A MURDERER: In a startlingly good novel called **"Cat"** (Random House, $3.50), Val Gielgud dazzles the reader with the same brilliance and authority with which his younger brother John captures an audience. On page one, the body of a murdered woman is found in an English field. Charles Adolphus Trent (whose initials provide the title) surrenders to the police, admitting his crime but making no explanation or defense because his British reticence forbids revealing his highly personal motives, and is hanged within the next dozen pages. The bulk of the novel retells Trent's life from childhood on, building toward and explaining his final dilemma which flared into murder.

The book might well be subtitled "Portrait of the Murderer as a Good Soldier." Like the early Joyce and Ford Madox Ford, Mr. Gielgud does not go in for the "messy" brand of character probing; nor does he offer any explicit psychologizing. All the same, he creates an in-depth picture of an Englishman with breeding, brains, and means, dislocated from the life around him, a man to whom "all places are the same." More serious in intent than any ordinary murder tale, the story is masterfully pieced together.

And the ending—a lightning flash of action and insight—has in it all the cold terror of truth.

—GERALD WALKER.

DULY NOTED: "The Sanity Inspectors," by Friedrich Deich (translated by Robert Kee; Rinehart, $3.75), is the story of a German psychiatrist attached to the Luftwaffe who handles cases of hysteria, imagined impotence, and neuroses of every variety with aplomb. His sympathies for the underdog generally and with an anti-fascist cleric in particular lead to a firing squad. Grim humor and a rash of anecdotes will keep readers reading.

"The Room on the Roof," by Ruskin Bond (Coward-McCann, $3), is a short sentimental tale about an English boy who runs away from his cruel guardian and finds companionship among the poverty-ridden slumdwellers of an Indian city. A sensitive and fragile first-novel based on the experiences of a young British writer.

"The Gregory Hill," by Thomas W. Craig (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75), tells of the retribution Paul Gregory visits on his sensual mother and a primitive farmer-neighbor, who marry after they have arranged for Paul's father to be trampled to death by horses. The flavor of tribal village terror will keep readers tense to the last line.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

NBA WINNERS: *The 1957 National Book Awards, announced on March 12, went to the following books:*

Fiction: "The Field of Vision," by Wright Morris (Harcourt, Brace).

Non-Fiction: "Russia Leaves the War," by George F. Kennan (Princeton University Press).

Poetry: "Things of This World," by Richard Wilbur (Harcourt, Brace).

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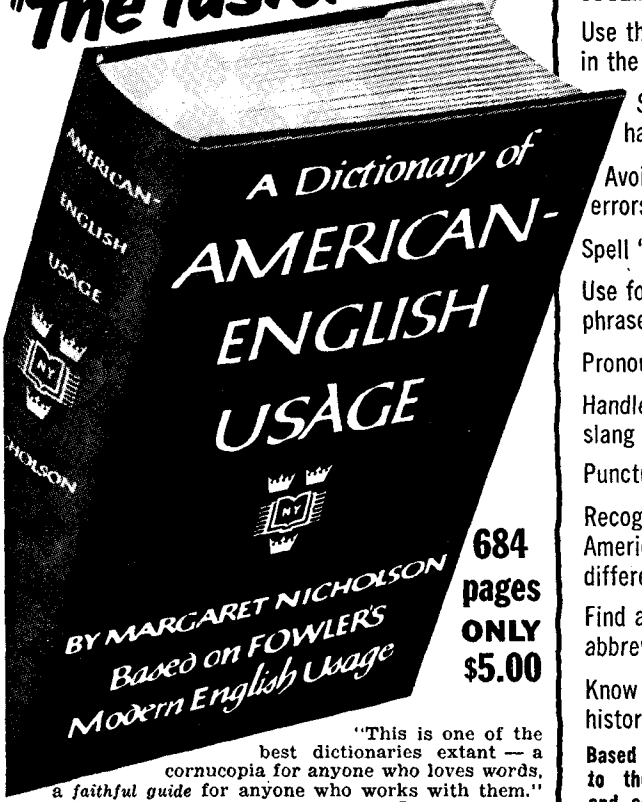

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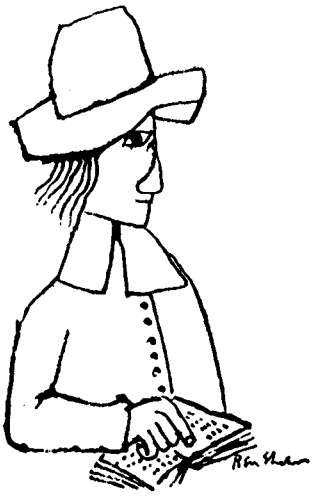
The Researched Mistress

***"Homage to Mistress Bradstreet," by John Berryman** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.75), is a poem in fifty-seven stanzas, a tribute to the first lady of American letters. It is illustrated in black-and-white by Ben Shahn.*

By John Ciardi

ANNE (née Dudley) Bradstreet arrived in Massachusetts in 1630. She was then eighteen and the wife of Simon Bradstreet, who later became governor of the colony. Amid the rigors of frontier life and of rearing eight children, Anne still found time for her verse, and her book, "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America," fixed her position as the first lady of American letters, a position that has kept her within the notice of students of literature despite the general insipidity and awkwardness of all but a few passages of her work. John Berryman's "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet" is a lover's pilgrimage to her memory, an effort to evoke from time the spirit of the valorous woman rather than the shade of the amateur poetess.

Few books of verse make their appearance with such *éclat* as attends Mr. Berryman's book. Conrad Aiken cites it as "one of the finest poems ever written by an American"; Robert Lowell, as "a very big achievement"; Edmund Wilson, as "the most distinguished long poem by an American since 'The Waste Land'" (whatever that means); and Robert Fitzgerald, classicist, poet, and translator of the Greek dramatists says of it: "The art of verse in English has been employed here by a master to grapple and hold, at great depth, in a constant and singular intensity of spirit, one life and one past time in America. The work is classic. It serves the reader with austerity; hushing his inferior speech and reminding him of the precision and passion with which human reality can be known." Even allowing for a well-oiled excerpt-lifter on the part of the publisher's blurb-editor, these are extraordinary praises and the publishers have responded to them by giving the book not only a distinguished format, but the benefit of ten ink-sketches by no less an illustrator than Ben Shahn.



My own opinion, though enthusiastic, is rather more moderate than those cited. Berryman's one unquestioned mastery is of the rhythm, a rhythm so intensely compacted and forward moving as to be a communication in itself. The essence of this rhythm is the compression of the language to squeeze out all but the most essential syntax (as well as some of that). In consequence, there are relatively few unaccented syllables in Berryman's lines, and the resultant clustering of heavy stresses, enforced by a heavy incidence of internal pause (caesura) thrusts the poem forward with an authority and insistence that is rare indeed and richly rare.

Nevertheless, this same line creates problems as well as splendors. "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet" is in part a narrative poem. It incurs, therefore, the fictional obligation to present details and incidents in a living relation at the same time that the quality of the verse line works to suppress the syntax that must state the relation of thing to thing. That the poet is passionate and a master of tongues, one cannot doubt. One may doubt, perhaps, whether the passion is as truly love as he asserts, or more nearly a thing literary and made. There remains the fact that the poet's technique tends to obscure rather than to assist his fictional elements, and it is certainly worth noting that our best poets tend to be weakest at exactly those points at which they incur fictional obligations.

Nevertheless, Berryman has written a brilliant poem and though the brilliance is flawed by a number of eccentricities and fashionable mannerisms (chief among its eccentricities, a constant queer inversion of normal word order; chief among its mannerisms, a fondness for putting into Anne Bradstreet's seventeenth-century mouth such now-fashionable words as "manic"), and though I am far from certain that Berryman's "Homage" is as good a poem as "Conquistador," "The Bridge," or "The Man With a Blue Guitar" (to remind Mr. Wilson of a few equally long poems that have been written by Americans since "The Waste Land"), still the high moments of this poem achieve triumphs that would outshine far greater flaws than may be found here.

It is clearly unfair to penalize Berryman's very real achievement for the enthusiasm of his blurbs. His blurbers may even be right. Their rightness or wrongness must remain for time and rereading to determine. What seems unmistakable is the fact that this poem will be around to be reread and discussed. Whatever the final verdict upon it, its authority is certain. "Homage" is bound to become a familiar poem among those who care for poetry as a living art.

As one of the most stunning passages I have encountered in any poetry, I offer the following excerpt in which Berryman recreates Anne Bradstreet's stream-of-consciousness during the labor and delivery of her child. The Simon addressed here is her husband:

So squeezed, wince you I scream?
I love you & hate off with

Illustrations from the book by Ben Shahn.

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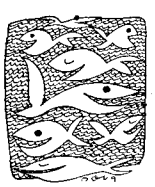
you. Ages! *Useless.* Below
my waist
he has me in Hell's vise.
Stalling. He let go. Come back:
brace
me somewhere. No. No. Yes!
everything down
hardens I press with horrible joy
down
my back cracks like a wrist . . .

. . . Monster you are killing me.
Be sure
I'll have you later. Women do en-
dure
I can *can* no longer
and it passes the wretched trap
whelming me and I am me
drencht and powerful. I did it
with my own body!
One proud tug greens Heaven.
Marvellous,
unforbidding Majesty.
Swell, imperious bells. I fly.
Mountainous, woman not breaks
and will bend:
sways God nearby: anguish comes
to an end.
Blossomed Sarah, and I
blossom. Is that thing alive? I
hear a famisht howl.

There are readers, of course, who will object to some of the details of this passage. Against my own impulse and as a sop to a narrow propriety I have deleted from this citation a few vitally important details that would certainly offend such readers more. There are readers, I am forced to believe, who object to life itself, and to nature as a process of selection inferior to genteel sensibility. My mercies upon them, but as the poem dreams of being alive in the world, it has no choice but to regret such readers among the partially dead.

The passage is not only of life and from life: it compounds within itself the master illusion that it is life itself. One would have to search as far back as to the mad scenes in "Lear" for a passage so surcharged with the immediacy of living passion, for a passage at once so terrifying and so exalted. Like Shakespeare, Mr. Berryman leaves a considerable part of the detail work to the reader. One must, for example, sense out his own punctuation and his own connectives. Nor is such omission of punctuation and syntax haphazard any more than it is some of the best stream-of-consciousness passages of Faulkner: the surfaces of the form, both here and in Faulkner, are shattered for deliberate effect by a writer who understands both what form is and what happens when its surfaces are broken up. Under that surface crackling, the rhythmic and emotional self of the passage is not only a joyously coherent form in itself, but its force is perfectly suited to the roughened surfaces.

Nor are the surface disjunctions any real difficulty in themselves. There are clues enough, and more, for putting all the elements not only in order but in *various possible simultaneous orders*—which is precisely the effect the poet has sought. The passage requires only attention. What it has to offer in return is a magnificence from life itself.



Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A STRING OF TROUT

Most celebrated of game fish, the trout has long had his champions among the poets. John Richards of Gardiner, Maine, asks you to identify the sources of the following quotations. Creels emptied on page 39.

1. The goodly well growne trout I with my angle strike,
   And with my bearded Wyre I take the ravenous Pike.
2. For here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.
3. And though it be a two foot trout
   'Tis with a single hair pulled out.
4. The small birds will not sing aloud,
   The springing trout lie still.
5. And angling, too, that solitary vice,
   Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says,
   The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
   Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
6. North from Cape Maple, south to Osprey Bay,
   Watching when the loud dogs should drive a deer,
   Or whipping the rough surface for a trout.
7. We fished her little trout-brook, knew
   What flowers in wood and meadow grew.
8. New Hampshire raises the Connecticut
   In a trout-hatchery near Canada,
   But soon divides the river with Vermont.

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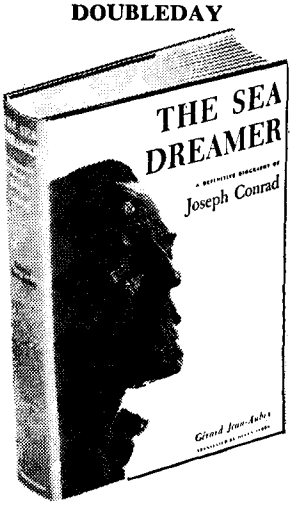

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Nature's Devastating Power for Destruction . . .

"The Lisbon Earthquake," by T. D. Kendrick *(Lippincott. 255 pp. $4), is an account of the catastrophe that occurred in 1755 and of the changes it wrought in philosophical and religious thought.*

By Ben Ray Redman

—Bettmann.

TWICE in European history the complacence of Western man has been shaken to its foundations and his whole world picture threatened with destruction. The first time was when Alaric captured and sacked Rome in 410 A.D. The second was when Lisbon was shattered by a murderous earthquake in the year of our Lord 1775. The traumatic force of the first disaster can hardly be exaggerated. In the words of the late Ferdinand Schevill: "The momentous event struck the contemporary world, persuaded of the eternity of Rome, as starkly unbelievable; and since it happened within a generation of the establishment in A.D. 382 of Christianity as the only permissible form of public worship, it produced a powerful resurgence of the outlawed paganism." The intellectual effects of the second disaster are plain to read in a body of literature that is no less vast than it is, today, generally unknown. Each event, by the way, produced its enduring literary masterpiece: Rome gave us Augustine's "The City of God"; Lisbon gave us Voltaire's "Candide."

We have not heard much lately of the great earthquake, save in passing allusions and occasional historical footnotes. Now Sir Thomas Downing Kendrick, director and principal librarian of the British Museum, and former keeper of the Museum's British Antiquities, has given us a whole book on the subject. "The Lisbon Earthquake" is a good book, even a fascinating one for those whom Saintsbury used to call "fit readers." Its style is easy without being vulgar, and the learning that has gone into it is obviously both profound and accurate; a learning based on the author's "own collection of earthquake-pamphlets and sermons," many of them exceedingly rare.

Readers who come to this book in search of a sensational treatment of the calamity that partially destroyed a great city and killed between 10,000 and 15,000 persons—according to the most conservative estimates of careful historians—will be sorely disappointed. There is no sensationalism in Sir Thomas's narrative. Indeed, only twenty-five pages of it are devoted directly to an account of the quake, fire, and seismic waves that leveled buildings and killed a multitude; and these pages are factual, statistical, unimpassioned.

But if sensation-mongers are disappointed, it will not be Sir Thomas's fault. He warns them off his premises in the first sentence of his preface. "This book," he states, "written in the bicentenary year of the Lisbon earthquake, is not, as its rather ambitious title may suggest, a full history of the event. In fact, it is concerned mainly with the related themes of eighteenth-century earthquake-theology and the end of optimism." What he has given us is a chapter in the philosophical and religious history of Europe; or perhaps it would be better to say that he has furnished us with information from which we can compose such a chapter for ourselves. To do this he has threaded his way with skill and judgment through a veritable wilderness of forgotten pamphlets and obscure sermons, and submitted to our inspection specimens of these that illustrate the effects of Lisbon's agony upon religious and secular thought.

While the dictator Pombal sought to raise the city from the ruins, while the scientists argued regarding the physical causes of the disaster—arguments in which air, fire (even hell fire) and electricity figured prominently—the clergy and pious laymen sought to answer the question: "Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city?" The conclusion common among the orthodox was that He had stretched out His hand to punish a wicked people and turn them, by fear, into the ways of righteousness. But this conclusion was hotly disputed, even among the clergy. The verdict of the philosophers, immortalized in "Candide," was that Leibnitz's description of this world as the best of all possible worlds had been proved to be arrant nonsense. Many thinkers came to the bleak conclusion that God could not love his creatures, while some even embraced the opinion that the Creator had abandoned man to the capricious forces of the physical world.

Sir Thomas sums it all up by agreeing with those who think that the Lisbon earthquake "brought an age to an end . . . in the sense that the characteristic popular optimism of the first half of the eighteenth century did not long survive the disaster. . . ." But, in view of living conditions in the eighteenth century, and the widespread doctrine of Original Sin, it is at least debatable that Leibnitzian optimism was ever, really, a popularly held faith. That Sir Thomas has written a most interesting, informative, stimulating book is not debatable.

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. . . And Man's

***"Day of Infamy," by Walter Lord** (Holt. 243 pp. $3.95), is an account of what happened at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, by the author of "A Night to Remember."*

By Allen Churchill

AT 6 a.m. on the morning of December 7, 1941, the Pearl Harbor Striking Force was arrayed and ready on the decks of carriers riding 230 miles north of Oahu. Signal flags of the entire fleet, flying at half mast, suddenly snapped upward, then down again. This was the signal for the start of the Japanese surprise and / or sneak attack on Perl Harbor—a point in history which Franklin Roosevelt some thirty-six hours later called "a date which will live in infamy."

Using a contraction of the President's phrase as title, Walter Lord in "Day of Infamy" applies the technique used in his previous best-seller on the sinking of the *Titanic* to a meticulous description of events from 3:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on December 7. As before, he is not so much concerned with over-all aspects—though with the *Titanic* the larger implications were all but built-in—as with the minutiae of the tragedy: the reaction of diverse human beings acting under sudden shock and the odd, brave, and even heroic (there appear to have been no cowards at Pearl Harbor) things crisis drives them to do. It is an effective method, and those who have read accounts of various aspects of Pearl Harbor—notably in "From Here to Eternity"—now have a rounded, detail-packed account of the infamous day.

It is perhaps not traitorous to imply that the most fascinating parts of "Day of Infamy" are those told from the standpoint of the Japanese. Here we see the alaborate enemy plans and preparations for the daring attack, all of them accomplished despite the stubborn antagonism of Admiral Nagumo, an old-line Navy officer who distrusted such innovations as plane carriers and air attacks. Yet the negative Nagumo was placed in charge of the Striking Force and on the afternoon of December 7 was in a position to veto the suggestion of a second attack which his triumphant younger officers considered feasible.

A Jap midget-sub gave Pearl Harbor the first hint of enemy attack and Mr. Lord follows in detail the awkward events after sighting of this unlikely object. Finally it was demolished by destroyer guns, after which the destroyer commander pondered how to convey his fears in proper military-ese. He ended by employing a phrase which confused everyone. Soon the English language played another vital part. As Jap bombs started falling, radio bulletins—again in military jargon—announced *sporadic* enemy attacks. Most listeners thought this meant *simulated* and calmly continued drinking breakfast coffee.

The preliminary snafu was not confined to ships. At an Army mobile radar station, two hungry-for-breakfast GI's watched the screen. When strange blips appeared, the fact was rightly relayed to an information center. But there the commanding officer was unimpressed. When a truck came to carry the two GI's to breakfast, they hopped into it, leaving the vital screen unattended.

But as the Jap planes, at first unrecognized, began dropping bombs, the comedy of errors becomes a story of desperate heroism. The captains of five of the battleships docked at Pearl were ashore, as were half the destroyer officers. But those remaining manned guns, and after ten minutes of stunned shock began fighting back. Inland, the attackers strafed airfields and civilian roadways, and again nearly everyone tried to do something which constituted resistance.

Mr. Lord's new book will inevitably be compared with his highly successful "A Night to Remember." Possibly lacking in "Day of Infamy" is the most powerful ingredient of the former book: the almost palpable presence of a brooding Fate which took a handful of individuals from the earth's population and placed them in a certain spot of the mid-Atlantic at a certain moment, thus setting the scene for spectacular tragedy.

Pearl Harbor, too, was a tragedy, but somehow a less human one. Except for the civilians involved in its periphery (among them Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan), those most involved were professional soldiers and sailors whose duty it traditionally is to experience attack. And participants in Pearl Harbor, though taken by complete surprise, did possess some means to hide or fight back.

Mr. Lord, and such assistants as he may have had, cover the day of infamy meticulously, excitingly, and well.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Michael Drayton, "Muses Elizium." 2. Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night." 3. Samuel Butler (1612-1680), "Hudibras." 4. Sir Walter Scott, "The Lady of the Lake." 5. Byron, "Don Juan." 6. Emerson, "The Adirondacks." 7. John Greenleaf Whittier, "Snow-Bound." 8. Robert Frost, "New Hampshire."

We left out the Eiffel Tower!

We figured you'd seen it before. But the rest of Paris (and almost all of France) have been packed into the pages of April Holiday Magazine. We think we've got nearly all of it—at least we've come tantalizingly close.

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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

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Dogma or Discipline?

Continued from page 11

parents on those occasions when he embarks on a strenuous siege for a particular objective, however outrageous that objective may be. He has heard them mumble something about developing "initiative" and achieving "self-reliance" and "self-dependence."

We do not have the sort of well-controlled data which are acceptable as scientific evidence, but it is not going very far to conjecture that a child raised in this way grows up in a world with a minimum of order and structure. It is, so to speak, a world without limits, where every situation can be turned to one's liking by "finding the angle" and pressing the right button. He cannot accept rules and regulations, even the most perfunctory ones, and he is more likely than not to spend a great deal of precious thought and energy cutting corners when it is hardly worth the effort. He grows up to think that his opinions, his likes, and his dislikes have a unique value in the world and are binding for those around him, and that, in general, his person embodies a special worth which is part of the public domain. Real *work*—the condition of all true creativity—is never introduced to him. This is an excellent way to develop neurotics, personality problems—and first-rate heels. Again, we do not have adequate data. One has, however, the uncomfortable feeling that juvenile problems and juvenile delinquency are not being benefited by the new "psychological enlightenment."

THE educational system itself also has been psychiatrized. The psychoanalytic cast of thought has left its mark upon our philosophy of education, insofar as it concerns itself with the nature of the human material which is to be developed and instructed. There is apparent a certain timidity and softness of attitude toward the child engendered by the Freudian horror of contradicting and frustrating the child's impulses. Heavens knows what neurotic complex, psychological deformity, or drying up of the inner spring of creativity might ensue if we don't play our cards well! We must be very careful how we bring forth the child's reactions in learning situations; the material to be learned should be tied into his interests and goals, and no effort, ingenuity, or expense is to be spared in achieving this felicitous state of affairs. But society does not have the time to play such games, nor should it be necessary, for the simple reason that it is by no means clear that the games are worth the candle. Adolescents who can learn logarithms only by having them related to Marilyn Monroe are not likely to make much use of logarithms. And such an approach makes of education such a long-winded process that the integral calculus would not be mastered until our adolescent had reached early middle age.

A preoccupation with gimmicks for arousing interest tends to lead the learning process away from the substance to be learned and stresses the methods of painlessly attracting and holding attention. Everything undertaken is pushed in the direction of "doing things together" and of socialization. Education takes on some of the attributes of a gigantic baby-sitting enterprise. Much time is spent on social living and social studies, areas which lend themselves to these methodological devices. Mathematics, the sciences, and languages are neglected for the obverse reason. There is another curious thing: social mores masquerade as scientific laws. An illustration of this phenomenon, at least among the collegiate population, is the rigmarole of *adjustment*. Adjustment is a sort of wastebasket term current in psychotherapeutic circles which connotes the blessed state of doing, thinking, and saying what your neighbors expect—and loving it.

It takes many forms, of course, but among college students in recent years one of its most notable manifestations is the general business of "going steady" and getting married as soon as possible. This is considered a sign of "emotional maturity" (blessed emotional maturity!) and indicates that you are psychologically OK. The apotheosis of good psychological adjustment is, of course, being married with two or three children and a heavy mortgage on the house. A bachelor or an unmarried woman is an object of covert psychological speculation; the hypothesis is that he or she has been the victim of the Oedipus or Electra complex, as the case may be, if it isn't something worse.

Thus, we witness the frequent spectacle of the marriage of two persons motivated not by romance or passion, but by sheer orthodoxy. They are quite young, typically, when they get married (like the peasants of southern Italy before the First World War), and having lived their childhood and early adolescence in the aseptic atmosphere of Freudian permissiveness they go straight from funny books to matrimony.

THIS is not a good-humored story, but then this is not a good-humored subject. Our knowledge of psychical processes and phenomena is not negligible in quantity nor trivial in quality, but it is far from having the finality, completeness, and authority which psychoanalytic theorists have attributed to it. Indeed, we can be quite certain that most of the theories we hold today in the areas of motivation, emotions, and personality will look very "corny" fifty years hence. To become intimidated, therefore, by a conceptual structure which is little better than a primitive word-picture at best, however colorful and dramatic, is certainly not far from the height of folly.

These reflections might be made to end on a constructive note if it were urged that a ten-year moratorium be invoked on public pronunciamentos by all "personality experts." For this period of time the public prints would be free of observations like the following:

(1a) Punishment turns the libido inward;

(1b) Punishment turns it outward and fixes it on pain, so that a person becomes a masochist;

(2a) Women schoolteachers have the effect of increasing the dependency of males on females;

(2b) Women schoolteachers have the effect of creating latent hostility in males toward females;

(3a) Living in the suburbs has an untoward effect on the personality development of children, since they see their fathers so seldom;

(3b) Living in crowded, noisy cities has a most deplorable effect on the growing psyche of the child;

(4a) Repressing anger and hostility leads to psychosomatic manifestations such as ulcers, therefore it is healthier to "tell off" your boss and get it off your chest;

(4b) Controlling your emotional impulses and channeling them toward constructive ends is a sign of emotional maturity, so don't "blow up";

(5a) Early toilet training is a source of paralyzing inhibitions to the growing psyche;

(5b) Early toilet training is a useful socializing influence on the child's unbridled psyche;

Etc.

A protracted and restful silence in the mass-communications networks regarding the mind and personality would do much toward tranquilizing the Age of Anxiety.

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YOUNG WOMAN, M.A., seeks summer position abroad as companion or tutor. Other offers considered. Box B-67.

POETRY WORKSHOP: Carnegie Hall. Starts March 26. $10. Keller, Box B-70.

WANTED: Companion to gentleman, New Jersey, drive, easy tasks, educated. References. Box B-66.

SMITH STUDENT experienced with children seeks position with family touring West or abroad. Box B-69.

STUDIO, KITCHEN, BATH. Rural Colonial homestead. Meals available. Box B-55.

FREE! BOOK MANUSCRIPTS READ, APPRAISED. See Manhattan advertisement, Literary Services.

B.A. VASSAR JUNE seeks European summer job. Will do anything. Experience many fields. Box B-59.

WANTED: Copies of your verse to authors, poets, celebrities, for private collection. Box B-49.

ENGLISH TEACHER, A.B., A.M., M.S., (male, married) wants summer work on Long Island. Box B-47.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

FRENCH GIRL, 28, permanent visa, tri-lingual, wishes position managing home, travel with family. Can drive. Excellent references. Box 368, Greensburg, Kansas.

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

PERSONALS

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive 1 room studio suites with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave., NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

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EDITORS ON NATIONAL QUALITY MAGAZINE wish talented, eager, hard-working recent college graduate (female) who can be trained to write articles. Byline possible. Must type, do chores. Beginner's salary. Box B-50.

WHILE ABROAD your dog will receive loving, expert care. Country home. Reservation. Box B-56.

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MALE, 23, Seminary middler, desires lucrative summer work or travel. Box B-61.

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PERSONABLE YOUNG MAN, public relations/advertising experience, desires position where savoir faire and personality are requisite. Box B-64.

REST IN LOVELY CATSKILLS. Quiet. Delicious organic food. Box B-54.

STUDENT SEEKS any interesting summer work. Very capable. Will travel. B-62.

ELDERLY LADY will teach, cook or be companion in good home. Box B-74.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

TEACHER, female, seeks interesting summer employment working with young children. B-45.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN for a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

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PERSONALS

NATIONALLY KNOWN DANCE ARTISTS want sizable farm June-September 15 for group from 10-20. Some swimming facilities and barn or recreation hall for studio work. Might consider purchase if reasonable. Box B-77.

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EUROPE, 2 SPECIAL TOURS: Highlights Circle: June 19-August 12; 12 countries: $975. Grand Circle: June 29-September 7; 16 countries: $1,155. Both with Britain, Scandinavia, Italy. Prices include steamship passage; motorcoach transportation; excellent meals, hotels; sightseeing, entertainment; tips. Tour expertly conducted. MIDWEST Tours, Reidar Dittmann, Northfield, Minn.

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KNIGHT TOURS, EUROPE: 8 weeks, 14 countries. Round-trip air, $1,283 all-inclusive. Depart June 21. Prof. Loring Knecht (St. Olaf College), Box 350, Northfield, Minn.

TRAVELING PENNSYLVANIANS 1957. See British Isles, Continental Europe, plus Scandinavia, July 6-August 24, under leadership of Dr. Don Yoder of University of Pennsylvania. 12 countries: Ireland, Northern Ireland, Scotland, England, Norway, Sweden, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France. VIA KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES. Mercedes Motorcoaches, Europe's most distinguished hotels. Write: Dr. Don Yoder, Bennett Hall, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 4, Penna.

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SEEKING A CONTEMPORARY HOUSE—in striking atmosphere conducive to writing, painting? Live at Greenbelt Knoll, 19 homes surrounded by woods, including two-acre private park, yet within Philadelphia city limits, Holme Avenue 1 mile East of Pennypack Circle, $19,950 up. Write 5 Longford St., Philadelphia 36, Pa., or phone Stuart Wallace, ELmwood 7-4356.

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SIX-ROOM 1952 built lodge in Bavarian Alps, luxuriously furnished, home of world-renowned author now working in United States; annual rental $2,500; references required. Box B-43.

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CONNECTICUT WEEKEND CABIN, 1 room, large, charming, secluded; pond; facilities sketchy but adequate; $350 season. Box Y-507.

MODERN HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE FOR TWO—Mount Desert Island—secluded—$45 week. Mayo, McKinley, Maine.

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VACATIONS

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, mountain-top, 2 connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts, barbecue, hiking, packed lunches, etc. Lodge and Cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Folder S. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS. Midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Berkshire Playhouse.

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CHAMBER MUSIC ENTHUSIASTS! Make music with us in ideal vacation environment, North Bridgton, Maine; one to three weeks, July 21-August 11. For information write Berkley Chamber Music Players, 315 West 98 St., NYC 25.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1200

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Erythrismal person.	173 24 16 88 127 149 166
B. Identical in pitch.	99 163 198 10 22 28
C. Sample of a fabric.	103 157 142 65 138 180
D. One specialty of Pat McCormick, Olympic champion (2 wds.).	52 62 77 86 20 71 191 47
E. Right feeling, acc'g to the Stoic doctrine.	83 26 98 12 139 141 35
F. Make the subject of a lawsuit.	91 17 21 132 193 81 25 145
G. Looked with suggestive expression.	160 33 122 146 9 131
H. Disk jockey's sine qua non.	136 104 111 168 38 148 96 123 172 155
I. Dentist's word for the projection of upper front teeth over the lower in normal occlusal position of jaws.	175 32 76 129 29 119 93 80
J. Untanned cattle skin.	50 31 39 14 183 153 128
K. Cheap, mean, of low value.	46 63 85 78 152 200 124 2
L. Hostile or predatory incursion.	184 199 68 151
M. Pertaining to the interruption of respiration because of deprivation of air or surfeit of dangerous gases.	45 69 90 113 73 5 179 56 115
N. Incapable of fatigue and hence extremely persistent.	162 109 125 147 176 92 55 43 121 19 3 75 89
O. High degree in Masonry (comp.).	140 144 64 27 154 6 87 18 197 137 114
P. Either of the straight sides of a race-course with curving ends.	13 185 23 192 169 7 66
Q. Boxing.	94 4 135 40 108 72 186 178 190 36
R. Mend again with new material.	117 194 79 42 53 74 67
S. A yellowish green.	159 8 165 48 105
T. To murder with especial violence or cruelty.	97 170 188 202 116 164 150 181
U. German 18th-cent. composer who introduced female singers into the church choir.	203 120 110 100 101 167 59 177 58
V. Delightful.	49 44 126 57 30 106 70 37 161
W. The actress in the First Drama Quartette, 1951.	11 95 174 118 187 60 130 196 84
X. Eccentric.	189 134 143 102 171 158
Y. A headed bolt secured by flattening out its other end to make a second head.	82 201 182 15 112
Z. Man in charge of switching engines and operations in a railroad yard.	51 54 34 107 1 61 133 195 156 41

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	1 Z	2 K	■	3 N	4 Q	5 M	6 O	7 P	8 S	9 G	■	10 B	11 W	12 E	13 P	14 J
15 Y	16 A	■	17 F	■	18 O	19 N	20 D	■	21 F	22 B	■	23 P	24 A	25 F	26 E	27 O	28 B
■	29 I	30 V	■	31 J	■	32 I	33 G	34 Z	35 E	■	36 Q	37 V	38 H	39 J	■	40 Q	41 Z
42 R	43 N	44 V	■	45 M	46 K	■	47 D	48 S	49 V	50 J	51 Z	■	52 D	53 R	54 Z	55 N	56 M
57 V	58 U	■	59 U	60 W	61 Z	62 D	■	63 K	64 O	65 C	66 P	■	67 R	68 L	69 M	■	70 V
71 D	72 Q	73 M	74 R	75 N	76 I	■	77 D	78 K	79 R	80 I	81 F	82 Y	83 E	84 W	■	85 K	86 D
■	87 O	88 A	89 N	■	90 M	91 F	92 N	93 I	94 Q	95 W	96 H	97 T	■	98 E	99 B	100 U	■
101 U	102 X	103 C	■	104 H	105 S	106 V	107 Z	■	108 Q	109 N	110 U	111 H	■	112 Y	113 M	114 O	■
115 M	116 T	117 R	118 W	119 I	120 U	121 N	122 G	■	123 H	124 K	125 N	■	126 V	127 A	128 J	129 I	130 W
131 G	■	132 F	■	133 Z	134 X	135 Q	136 H	137 O	138 C	139 E	■	140 O	141 E	142 C	143 X	■	144 O
145 F	■	146 G	147 N	148 H	149 A	150 T	151 L	152 K	153 J	■	154 O	155 H	156 Z	■	157 C	158 X	159 S
160 G	161 V	■	162 N	163 B	164 T	165 S	166 A	167 U	168 H	169 P	■	170 T	171 X	■	172 H	173 A	174 W
175 I	176 N	■	177 U	178 Q	■	179 M	180 C	181 T	■	182 Y	183 J	184 L	185 P	186 Q	187 W	188 T	■
189 X	190 Q	■	191 D	192 P	193 F	194 R	195 Z	196 W	197 O	198 B	199 L	200 K	201 Y	202 T	203 U	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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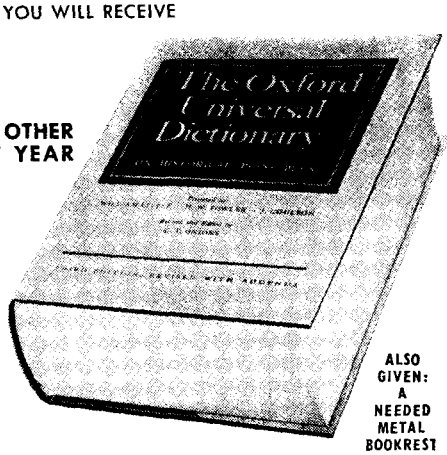

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